

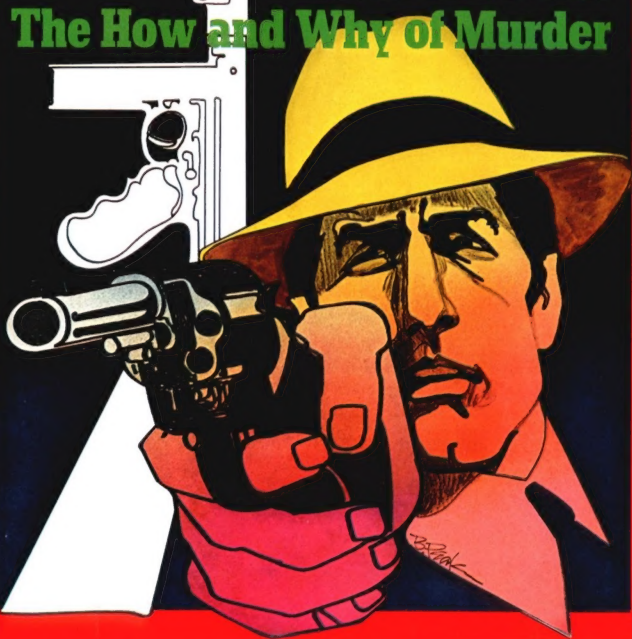
FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 24, 1972

TIME

GANG WAR

The How and Why of Murder



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

WHY is Homo sapiens such a murderous species? Maybe among gangsters crests periodically, like seasonal floods, to settle grudges or to clarify title to racket real estate. Less organized killing is random and constant—and more difficult to pin down. Our cover story and Essay this week discuss both kinds, analyzing the skein of gang murders in New York and the deep-seated psychology of violence that has no home town.

Correspondents James Willwerth and Sandy Smith reported from the New York firing line, and from their own experience as thugs watch Willwerth's first brush with the Mob dates back to 1969, when an anonymous phone call took him from Manhattan to Tucson, Ariz., and a three-hour interview with a confidant of Family Man Joe Bonanno. His article appeared with our cover story on the

WALTER DARR

Mafia (Time, Aug. 22, 1969). Last summer Willwerth reported on the shooting of Joe Colombo.

Last week Willwerth again found himself in unusual company. On his way to the funeral of Joseph Gallo, he maneuvered a small rented car into the cortege of black limousines. Then a carload of Gallo's associates came alongside and ordered Willwerth off the road. He made it to the cemetery anyway. Visiting the scene of the Gallo killing, Umberto Clam House, he was warned in gruff terms by the hefty proprietor to avoid any use of his name. "Then,"

WILLWERTH & SMITH

says Willwerth, "he took my name for future reference."

Resident Mobologist Sandy Smith is a thoroughly practiced observer of gangsters' weddings, wakes and other rituals. He has spent 20 years following his specialty and building up contacts on both sides of the badge. Smith believes that reporting on the underworld is less hazardous than covering labor disputes and not very different from other kinds of reporting. "You're only as good as your sources of information," he says. "In this particular field, the sources are just more difficult to come by." Smith dug hard to find out what was going on among the contending hostiles and where it might lead. From his and Willwerth's reports, Lance Morrow wrote the cover story.

The Essay, written by Virginia Adams, deals with the broader aspects of violent behavior. To examine this peculiar—and seemingly growing—pathology, she drew on the views of psychiatrists, psychologists and other experts. "Our aim," says Senior Editor Leon Jaroff, "is to place the gang killings in their proper perspective, as a dramatic but small part of a much larger phenomenon."

INDEX

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Cover Story.....44 | Cinema.....93 | Nation.....10 |
| Essay.....54 | Economy.....20 | People.....43 |
| | Education.....60 | Show Business..... |
| Art.....72 | Letters.....3 | & Television.....69 |
| Behavior.....44 | Medicine.....65 | Sport.....95 |
| Books.....88 | Milestones.....80 | Theater.....66 |
| Business.....83 | Modern Living.....62 | World.....26 |
| | Music.....77 | |

The Cover: Artist Bob Peak's conception of a New York gangster, done in pen and ink and dyes.

TIME

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LETTERS

Where There Is Muck . . .

Sir / The law-abiding, tax-paying American thanks Jack Anderson [April 3] every day for having the courage to expose the whooping and dealing antics of our politicians in high places regardless of party. We have the right to know what is going on between these high-salaried public servants and big business. Exposure is the only control these rats will respect—they like to operate in secret and behind closed doors. Remember, if there is no muck, there will be no muck to rake.

(MRS.) JANET GOULD
Gladstone, Ore.

Sir / Is the threat of exposure by Jack Anderson any more comforting than the threat of exposure by the late Senator McCarthy?

God save the United States from government by exposure.

DANIEL H. SHEINGOLD
Waban, Mass.

Sir / Jack Anderson seems to think he is a white knight. With his admitted methods of investigation he is more like a pot calling the kettle black.

HELEN NORWOOD
Greenfield, Mass.

Sir / To my mind Jack Anderson is a living doll. Everyone lies to you, and you can't believe anything coming from Washington.

Tell Jack to keep on. He lets us know it like it is.

DOROTHY BROSIUS
Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Sir / Not all the Mormon brethren "choke" on the words Brother Anderson. And I am proud to say that I am one who does not. I have known Jack Anderson as his student and his friend for 15 years.

He preached from the doctrine and the teachings of his beloved faith with the same fiery zeal and uncompromising ardor that he now uses to denounce dishonesty and bigotry wherever he finds them.

No one will fail to see the showman in Jack and recognize his limitations. But, like all thinking, feeling men, he is not blind to the problems that beset mankind and the imperfections of those who manage its systems.

FERGUS R. WOOLLEY
Minneapolis

Sir / It is my belief that America can ill afford to be without such irascible critics of government as Jack Anderson. But when he makes an error, it's usually a beauty. Please add to the list of Anderson "off-target scoops," for which I, one of the victims, have yet to see a retraction or apology: his unquestioning and unwarranted support of Marcus Aurelius Arnette, as revealed in the new bestseller *The Arnette Affair* by Neil Sheehan, who is also winner of (oh, sweet irony!) this year's first annual Drew Pearson Award for investigative reporting.

WILLIAM T. GENEROUS JR.
Wallingford, Conn.

Sir / I am certainly no particular fan of Richard Kleindienst, but Jack Anderson should be shot for being a national nuisance.

(MRS.) A.D. RICHARDSON
Tucson

No Call for the Victor

Sir / You report that Mrs. Martha Mitchell, wife of the former Attorney General, called Illinois State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan after the Illinois primary to congratulate him on his

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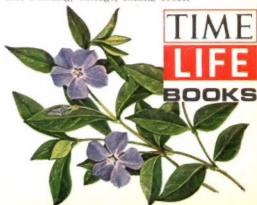
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victory [April 3]. That report is erroneous. Mrs. Mitchell did not call Mr. Hanrahan on his victory or for any other purpose.

DEVAN L. SHUMWAY
Director of Public Relations
Committee for the Re-Election of the President
Washington, D.C.

■ *Time is glad to learn about one nocturnal telephone call Mrs. Mitchell did not make. However, someone who said she was Marsha Mitchell did place the call as reported, person to person from Washington, and Mr. Hanrahan spoke with her in all good faith and credulity.*

Wallace's Business

Sir / I found several of your remarks concerning George Wallace and his wife [March 27] rather rude and distasteful. While Mr. Wallace is not one of my favorite people, I do believe that he deserves respect, and that remarks concerning his wife should also be made with respect and good taste. I feel his phlegm is his business and not the whole nation's.

SALLY WALLACE
Auburn, Ala.

Sir / Don't fret for this member of the electorate because of the plethora of candidates for the Democratic nomination. I am excited over every message Wallace sends "them." Though I will not vote for him for President, he is rendering America a genuine service by causing the litany of the do-gooders and bums to play second fiddle to the drum roll of those who work, pay taxes and are fed up with the moral and fiscal bankruptcy of the social planners.

FRANCIS T. WEST
Martinsville, Va.

Sir / I do not understand all this fuss in Florida about busing. Busing is a fine old Southern tradition. When I was growing up in the South,

I was bused every day for twelve years to all-white schools. An all-black school was closer to my house. Where were all those parents against busing then?

ALICE WISER-YAMAGUCHI
Burlington, Vt.

Sir / Regarding the recent victory of George Wallace in the Florida Democratic primary, I have found that the attitude of most Florida young people is not like that of their prejudiced parents. Because of forced busing, the students in my high school have lost virtually all racial prejudice, and most new friends are not even referred to as "black" or "white." Most of us would agree that busing has benefited our school more than continued segregation.

In a few years, we the young people and future voters of Florida will let George Wallace know that his reign here is over.

BETH PARKER
Tampa, Fla.

Boston and Busing

Sir / Busing or no busing, Boston public school education [April 13] will never make significant mileage, because culturally all Boston is Louise Day Hicksville.

LEE DANA GOODMAN SR.
Windsor, Vt.

Equal Rights

Sir / I hope no one gets the mistaken impression that Senator Ervin represents the women of North Carolina on the Equal Rights Amendment [April 3]. He doesn't!

Personally, I find the idea and fact of young men being maimed and killed by war just as disgusting and obscene as that of women being maimed and killed. If it takes the threat of drafting girls to bring home to the war-happy the horror and obscenity of unjustified wars, then if this amendment never did another thing it would have well justified its existence.

PAT SINGLETARY
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Auto Worship

Sir / Los Angeles is not the only place in America where life revolves around the automobile [April 3]. Wherever automobiles can be found, there will be a breed of unique and happy people to customize, worship and race them.

Take away the automobile and a completely depersonalized society is one step closer to becoming a reality. There is no other product that stimulates the strength, individuality, pride, imagination, intelligence and skill of a person more than the automobile.

DANIEL R. POTTER
Johnson City, Tenn.

Frosty Welcome

Sir / To the people of the Adnatusin Society [March 27]: Don't send your witless, shiftless spawn up here. We Alaskans came here years ago because we were tired of being your maids and chauffeurs. So if you think we treat the poor wolf badly, such treatment will seem gentle to the way I, for one, will handle any of your brainless children if I catch them camping on my property.

(MRS.) AMIE BENSON
Fairbanks, Alaska

Condensation

Sir / Your three-paragraph condensation of a three-hour interview with my wife Barbara and me in your article about new marriage styles [March 20] took our ideas out of context and

completely distorted what we had tried to convey. We could not even recognize ourselves in the article. By relating nothing but a generalized schedule (questionable at that) and a few quotes, you conveyed no real information and yet implied a great deal that was erroneous, negative and personally damaging.

MAURICE L. ZILBER
Boston

Coinfusion

Sir / Henry Dreyfuss, student of sign language [April 3], upon landing in Moscow would be able to recognize the value of Russian coins because, like the coins of most nations, they show their value in figures (5, 10, 15, etc.). U.S. coins lack this sensible feature.

HOWARD D. KELLEY
Kingston, Pa.

For Want of the Film

Sir / In your article "Little Black Box" [March 27], reviewing the new Kodak Pocket Instamatic cameras, you mention that among others, "Germany's Minos" has never met the challenge of coming up with a film that would produce color prints of sufficient sharpness.

Isn't that like saying that Mercedes-Benz has never come up with a gasoline that would make its cars run 100 miles per gallon?

While Minos came up with the idea and execution of a superb ultraminiature precision camera 34 years ago which is still unsurpassed today, it had to rely on the world's foremost film manufacturers to provide the best possible film for its tiny (8mm by 11mm.) negatives.

Kodak's achievement, as Kodak's president pointed out, was in "coming up with the right film."

KURT W. LUCHN
Vice President
Minos USA
Woodside, N.Y.

Stiff Competition

Sir / Mrs. Barry Goldwater Jr. [April 3] will offer stiff competition to Mrs. Edward Kennedy as Washington's best undressed woman.

EDWARD G. NOBLE
San Francisco

Sir / TIME quotes Susan Gherman as being a conservative. After I viewed her photograph with Barry Goldwater Jr., my observation was that she leans neither left nor right: a real middle-of-the-roader.

M.H. GORDON
Norfolk

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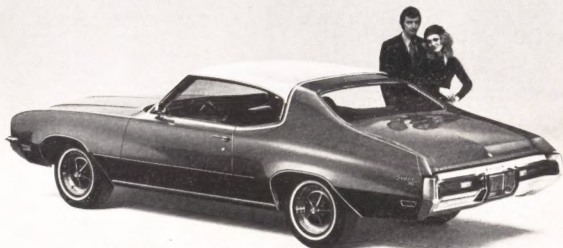
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AMERICAN NOTES

Gross National Happiness

Even as the U.S. nears the venerable age of 200, there lingers the colonist's sense of style lost, of some fragile wine of culture that did not travel well to Plymouth Rock and Jamestown. Europeans know how to live, goes the American cliché. Many Europeans might quarrel with that assertion, but there are nonetheless the beginnings of an instructive debate on preserving and enhancing life-styles in the Old World. It turns on the concept of what some call the *bonheur national brut*, or gross national happiness, an index of the quality of life.

The new President of the Common Market Commission, Dutch Socialist Sicco Mansholt, prefers the phrase gross national utility to G.N.H., but he is getting at the same thing. Mansholt wants Europeans "to examine in what way we would be able to contribute to the establishment of an economic system that would not be founded on maximum per capita growth." His aims include greater opportunity for every European's intellectual and cultural growth, the end to polluting, and the conservation of the Continent's shrinking resources. That is a program many in the U.S. also embrace. Americans—and most Europeans, for that matter—are hardly ready to accept Mansholt's harsh conclusion that such goals are only possible if the West's present material standard of living is in fact reduced. But it surely would be a worthy transatlantic enterprise to search for a valid definition of gross national happiness.

Return Engagement

With matching coats and plaid bags, the world champion Chinese table tennis team arrived in Detroit last week to start a two-week, nine-city good-will tour—the return engagement of last year's visit of the U.S. team to Peking. Their chartered Pan Am 707 carried two Mandarin-speaking stewardesses and bore the legend *Friendship Clipper* in Chinese characters. Delegation Leader Chuang Tse-tung, 30, a three-time world champion (1961, 1963, 1965), promised that the team would concentrate on "friendship first, competition second."

Under heavy security escort, the team toured a Chrysler assembly line. "Who are you?" asked one auto worker. "Oh," he said when told, "I've always wanted to meet someone from Red China." With that, that particular proletarian dialogue died.

At their first match in Detroit's Cobo Hall, a Detroit right-wing group named Breakthrough showered leaflets from the balcony that said "Smash Communism, support Christian resistance." The capacity crowd of 11,000 booed the interruption, and cheered wildly as the tourists, obviously taking it easy in the spirit of friendship, rolled to a 5-1 victory.

It's Riunite Time . . .

Say, kids, what time is it? It's time for a little blast of sauce! That, at least, is the essence of Buffalo Bob's new radio pitch. On the old *Howdy Doody* show, the lovable Bob, when not embroiled in the Byzantine struggles for pre-eminence in Doodyville, waged by Howdy and the nefarious Mr. Bluster,

used to sell Welch's grape juice to the kiddies. Now that his former audience is well of age, Bob's spiel has fermented; he is selling Riunite wine.

The commercial is really just a peculiar twist to Madison Avenue's increasingly tiresome obsession with nostalgia. Ole Bob, now 54, actually opens with his patented "Say, kids" routine, which is followed by a memory-jangling jingle, "It's Riunite time, it's Riunite wine . . ." Then Buffalo zeroes in on his old fans. "Yes, sir, this is your old buddy, Buffalo Bob. You know, you were little kids when you watched me on television, and all you were allowed to drink back then was milk. But now you're old enough to enjoy a little wine, right?"

Right, Bob, but where will all this frivolous trading on borrowed image capital end? Next Clarabell will be honking the wonders of Schweppes tonic or Princess Summerfall Winterspring plugging water beds.

Toasted Matzoth

It all began one morning before Passover. Soviet embassy officials in Washington found in their mail a number of boxes of matzoth, the traditional unleavened wafers used to celebrate the Jewish holiday. There were more matzoth the next day, and more the next—literally tons of them. Soviet diplomats, by now well-acustomed to confrontations with Jewish organizations over the treatment of Soviet Jews, quickly devised a counterploy: they refused to accept delivery and dumped the matzoth into the laps of the U.S. Postal Service.

Postal authorities were baffled; rarely had they encountered a logistics problem of this scope. Finally, with ten tons of matzoth spilling over five postal substations, officials called the Sanitary Engineering department and requested that it cart the matzoth off and burn them.

The Anti-Defamation Leagues of Philadelphia and Newark, which had sponsored the mail-in, were incensed. Said New Jersey League Official Robert Kohler: "It is the sin of waste in the face of hunger. It was wanton, cynical destruction of good food." Kohler and others claimed that many of the packages were marked with return addresses, but postal authorities insisted that only a handful were thus labeled, and that anyway they feared a contamination hazard. Undeterred, the A.D.L. protesters intend to keep up their mail-a-matzo pressure on the Soviets.

CHINESE TABLE TENNIS TEAM ARRIVES AT DETROIT METROPOLITAN AIRPORT





"Whatever happened to law-'n'-order as an issue?"



"You've got to be kidding!"

TAXES

It Just No Longer Adds Up

It was Taxpayers Eve, gloomiest night of the year. As last-minute taxpayers trudged morosely to post offices to send off their returns, they were surprised to bump into federal bureaucrats who had come out to greet them with smiles, coffee and doughnuts. The friendly feds thanked each taxpayer profusely for helping to keep them in business. Bowled over by this display of bureaucratic concern, the taxpayer went home with a feeling of gratitude toward a government that so obviously cares.

The dreamer of this unlikely dream is James H. Boren, president of the tongue-in-cheek National Association of Professional Bureaucrats. This week the Government might well take his advice. For never have Americans seemed more reluctant to pay their taxes—or to pay enough. After scrutinizing returns last week, Treasury Secretary John Connally exploded in outrage over the ways in which taxpayers were cheating the Government out of money rightfully owed. He promised "maybe millions" of audits, and ordered some 15,000 IRS employees to help people figure out the tax forms, which are so complicated that one study estimates that only a college graduate can completely understand them.

Breaks. Confusion was part of the picture, but there is little doubt that U.S. taxpayers, who are among the most compliant in the world, are in near revolt against a system that practically no one still defends. More loophole than law, it allows many big taxpayers to escape scot-free while it grinds ever more out of the small taxpayers. Some tax breaks, it is true, serve as useful economic incentives, but in the past few years federal income taxes on corporations have been slashed more than can be justified. Federal income taxes for in-

dividuals have been reduced, too, but in the meantime the Middle American has been burdened with soaring property, Social Security and sales taxes—all of them regressive.

Tax reform is fast becoming the 1972 campaign's top political issue. George McGovern won the Wisconsin primary in part by never letting up in his attacks on the tax structure, and George Wallace pulled an impressive number of votes with much the same tactic. There is even speculation in Washington that the President may call a special session of Congress in late summer or early fall to offer some reform and take the issue away from the Democrats. After getting around the country a bit in the primaries, John Lindsay advised: "What someone ought to do is organize a nationwide grassroots campaign for a total tax restructuring in this country by 1976, the bicentennial. Whoever does will have a great political future."

But the voters are not waiting for the politicians on the issue; they are out ahead and dragging the candidates along with them. No. 1 target of their wrath is the property tax. In Chicago, a group called Citizens' Action Program is pressuring the state general assembly to impose a tax freeze in Illinois; it is hoped that the move will become a rallying point for the taxpayers. "The crisis has come," says Robert Creamer, CAP coordinator. "The solution now is to quit tinkering with the system. We've got to use a meat cleaver instead."

Out on the farms in Wisconsin, pitchforks are swinging. Embattled farmers have led a revolt that has withheld some \$1.5 billion in property taxes. "We have what we call around here a windshield assessment," complains William H. Wanek, a farmer

who owns 527 acres that are taxed more each year while his income stays the same. "Some guy drives along the road and looks at our farms through his car windshield and your taxes go up," Wanek feels that the Federal Government is mostly to blame, but it is out of reach. The state government is near by. "A fellow figures he can slow it down a little."

Defiant Yankee. Spunky rebels are even willing to take on the Government singlehanded. A case in point is John Wright, 85, a retired Congregational minister who is determined to hold on to his 80 acres of farm and forest in Merrimack, N.H. His fixed income does not even amount to half his property taxes, so he refuses to pay them. "There are many men here who earn five or ten times as much as I do," says the defiant Yankee, "but they don't pay a cent in taxes. Every man should pay according to his income, not his property."

Many politicians are scrambling to save their jobs. Responding to constituents' pressure, Washington Governor Dan Evans just completed a county-by-county tour of the state to listen to gripes about taxes. "People are adamant about constitutional limits on taxation," he says, "because they don't trust the legislature—and I know they are also thinking, 'That goes for the Governor, too.'" Oregon's Republican Governor Tom McCall announced last week that tax reform is so urgent that he will even help Democrats get re-elected to the legislature if they will support his program.

Out on the primary trail, the presidential candidates are playing up a tax-reform bill authored by Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson and cosponsored by Candidates Humphrey, Muskie and McGovern. Depending on which candidate is speaking, it is either the "Nelson-Humphrey" bill, the "Nelson-Muskie" bill, or the "Nelson-McGovern" bill. Considering the mood of the voters, it may soon become the Nelson-everybody bill.

INVESTIGATIONS

ITT (Contd.)

The Senate Judiciary Committee originally convened seven weeks ago for what seemed the short-order task of confirming Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General. Now, to the delight of Democrats and the dismay of Republicans, the investigation is still dragging on with no conclusive end in sight. Last week's fresh round of witnesses only added to the tangle of contradictions, leading California Senator John Tunney to observe that some inquiries into perjury might be in order. Furthermore, a confrontation cropped up between the committee's Democratic members and the White House over the practice of executive privilege that threatened to pull the rug out from under Kleindienst's confirmation altogether.

The committee is still trying to determine whether Administration-approved settlements of three antitrust cases against International Telephone & Telegraph were linked with the ITT offer to pledge at least \$200,000 toward underwriting the Republican National Convention in San Diego in August. The now famous Dita Beard memo quoted by Columnist Jack Anderson clearly implied a link. Mrs. Beard denied authorship, but admitted she had written another similar memo on convention financing and had delivered it personally to William R. Merriam, head of ITT's Washington office. Last week, however, Merriam told the committee that he knew of no such memo, had never commissioned it and never received it.

Error. Merriam's testimony hardly squared with the recollections of Republican Congressman Bob Wilson of San Diego, who said in a taped interview last month that Merriam told him he had received the Beard memo. Wilson added in the interview that "Jack Anderson has the original memo."

But last week Wilson told the committee it was all a semantic misunderstanding, that by using the word "original" he was simply referring to the top copy of a memo, not necessarily the memo Mrs. Beard says she wrote. Merriam admitted telling Wilson he had received the memo from Mrs. Beard, lamely adding that he discovered later he had not received any memo and simply had not bothered calling Wilson back to correct himself.

Neither witness was very convincing to the committee. When Democratic

Senator Sam Ervin asked who had given the orders for the destruction of ITT's Washington files, after the committee investigation had begun, Merriam replied: "I did, sir."

Ervin: Well, you could not destroy that [Dita Beard] memo because you did not have it.

Merriam: No, that is right, but there might have been a lot of others in there like that.

There was still more confusion about what role—if any—the White House played, and the amount ITT might contribute to the convention. Mrs. Beard testified that a White House telephone call to Merriam mentioned \$600,000. Wilson said ITT President

identical Assistant Henry Kissinger has avoided repeated invitations to testify before Congress.

The precedents for executive privilege are many, going back to George Washington's refusal to give the House documents on negotiations of the 1794 Jay Treaty with Britain. The principle is often invoked by Presidents on a variety of grounds: that Congress has no constitutional authority to certain information, that foreign powers might be embarrassed by disclosures, that security could be compromised or confidential sources exposed.

Such grounds might cover a Kissinger, but none would seem to apply to Flanigan's contacts with third parties in the ITT case. Flanigan has denied any active role, but has repeatedly declined to be specific.

Subpoena. The idea of executive privilege for Flanigan particularly angered North Carolina's Ervin, the Senate's reigning constitutionalist, who called the White House claim "absurd." Noncommittal until then on the Kleindienst confirmation, Ervin made it plain that he would not vote to confirm until Flanigan appears before the committee. "If the President wants to make his nominee for Attorney General the sacrificial lamb on the altar of executive privilege," he rumbled ominously, "that will be his responsibility and not mine."

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield suggested Flanigan might satisfy the committee by submitting a statement, but liberal Democrats say that is not enough. They want to question Flanigan face to face about dealings with ITT. Republican Committee Member Charles Mathias of Maryland spoke of a face-saving compromise that would have Flanigan appear by invitation behind closed doors at an informal

session, but so far the White House stands firm on executive privilege.

Ervin, who is sponsoring a bill that would set limits on executive privilege, wants to subpoena Flanigan to appear before the committee. The maneuver failed narrowly the first time on a tie vote along party lines, but Ervin intends to try again. Democratic Senators John McClellan and Birch Bayh were absent when the vote was taken. Bayh is sure to support Ervin, and McClellan may also go along. Then it will be up to Nixon to decide whether to instruct Flanigan to ignore the subpoena, thus risking the further implication that the White House has something to hide in the ITT case—and possibly losing his nominee for Attorney General as well.



SENATOR ERVIN



WHITE HOUSE'S FLANIGAN



ITT'S MERRIAM



REPRESENTATIVE WILSON

Conflicts over memos, money and executive privilege.

Harold S. Geneen spoke of a "guarantee" for \$400,000. Geneen earlier in the hearings had testified that there was never any commitment for more than \$200,000.

Faced with a parade of waffling witnesses, the Senators sought clarification from the White House and invited Peter Flanigan, President Nixon's top liaison aide with big business, to testify. But Attorney John W. Dean III, counsel to the President, declined on Flanigan's behalf, citing in a letter to Committee Chairman James O. Eastland "the principle that members of the President's immediate staff not appear and testify before congressional committees with respect to the performance of their duties." It is on such grounds that Pres-

POLITICS

Out, Damned Spot!

Sooner or later, a major office is going to be filled by some computer-primed and wealthy nonentity put over by television commercials as a national savior.

—Robert MacNeil of Public TV

Later rather than sooner if the recent primary elections are any indication. Last week, in the wake of the Wisconsin upset, the forces of Marshall McLuhan were in disarray. Edmund Muskie's media consultant, Robert Squier, resigned because he was no longer wanted; the candidate pronounced political TV spots an "abomination" and promised not to use them again in the campaign. After his badly mauled client John Lindsay quit the

the candidate's hand—but then Squier has his standards.

From that spectacular moment, Squier was never very far from Muskie, constantly filming the candidate as he made his political rounds, boring or not. After Joe McGinnis had exposed the fakery of Nixon's TV campaign in *The Selling of the President, 1968*, media experts made a point of keeping productions as "natural" as possible. Squier was sure he had a natural in Muskie. "He handles himself well in a variety of situations, so you're safe to cover him at everything," Squier said in January. "What we really want are people who will put it to him so that we can show him performing under pressure." Unfortunately, New Hampshire Publisher William Loeb applied a little too much pressure, and Muskie was damagingly filmed in tears.

Relying on his avuncular image as

neered by Squier, Muskie plans to buy five- or ten-minute segments in which he will merely state his views on issues, with no staging.

Manure. David Garth had less to lose than Squier. Lindsay was, after all, a long shot for the presidency. Media saturation picked up six delegates for Lindsay in the Arizona state convention. In the later primaries, it was another story. Lindsay spent more on television in Florida than any other candidate, yet he finished fifth. Television did not save him in Wisconsin, either. Lindsay aides grumbled that voters would just not buy his urban image, but then it was an odd Lindsay that occasionally came drifting across the tube. The mayor was shown spreading manure with a pitchfork and later spending the night on the sofa of a blue-collar family. In the end, image was not enough. "I've always rejected a charis-



PREPPING FOR TV: MRS. WALLACE SHOWS GEORGE'S "BAD SIDE," MCGOVERN & MUSKIE GET MADE UP. Saturation seems to have an educational effect, making voters more sophisticated.

presidential race. Media Wizard David Garth confessed that TV is "highly overrated in importance. A multitude of commercials—good, bad or indifferent—will dilute all television influence." Overloaded, the big eye had blurred. The light had failed—at least for some.

Fireside Chat. For Squier, it was a rude awakening. If anyone deserved the credit for launching Muskie as the presidential front runner, he did. A TV producer who worked for the Humphrey campaign in 1968, he staged the 1970 election-eve TV appearance in which Muskie clobbered Nixon in the image ratings. After viewers got a glimpse of the strident, gesticulating President, they were soothed by the sight of Muskie calmly sitting in a home in Maine. While the fire crackled in the background, he made a plea for reasonable news in fatherly tones. All that was lacking in the scene was a St. Bernard licking

conveyed by Squier. Muskie avoided the issues. The candidate's nonelectronic aides began to mutter their discontent. They were especially disturbed by a TV spot in Florida that had Muskie appearing bland and ill at ease on the edge of a supermarket check-out counter while he asked passing housewives what they thought about prices. In Wisconsin, Squier found that his services were not in much demand. A local public relations man was hired to film Muskie's election-eve appearance. "I thought it was terrible," says Squier. "Muskie wasn't looking at the camera, the lighting was atrocious, and the script seemed more appropriate for a speech than for a TV appearance." Seeing the image on the wall, Squier resigned. "I felt my leaving was for his good, for our good and for the good of the campaign. But I still think Muskie is superb." In place of the TV spots engi-

ma argument," said Lindsay's press secretary Tom Morgan. "The only thing charisma did for the mayor was bring people out to see him. But when they heard him, they said goodbye."

Television obviously cannot save a campaign that is going nowhere or disguise a candidate's true nature—not for long, anyway. Saturation seems to have an educational effect; it makes voters more sophisticated about what they see. "If I didn't have George McGovern, I'd be in trouble," says Media Consultant Charles Guggenheim, whose reputation is still intact. "The candidate is certainly more important than the means of presenting him." George Wallace would seem to be living proof of that. No pointy-headed media consultant tells him what to do. A camera crew hired by the hour occasionally films him at rallies or follows him into a studio where little is staged in advance. Wal-

THE NATION

lace's spots are taken from these film strips. That is all there is to it—Wallace in the rough, take it or leave it.

Noting that a candidate can use TV sparingly and still do well, all the big TV spenders are cutting back their paid spots. Humphrey does not plan any big spending on TV until he reaches California, which he considers a "media" state. But the candidates are not giving up television entirely. They plan to appear on as many interviews and talk shows as possible. These have the double advantage of being spontaneous and not costing anything—and television more than any other factor has driven the cost of campaigning skyward.

Crowded primary fields produce numbing wall-to-wall commercials that cancel each other out. Once the conventions are over and the big race is underway, one-on-one TV spots are likely to enjoy a revival. Meanwhile, candidates are desperately looking for alternative ways to reach the voter. They have begun to shift some funds to that ancient medium, radio. Says John Morrison, a Humphrey aide: "We haven't done a survey. It's just a kind of feeling. With radio you can get them when they're driving."

The candidates have even rediscovered print. They are reviving the direct-mail campaign, since computers can help them sort out groups in the population for special messages. The return to print has another advantage: you do not have to look your best. No worries about makeup, lighting, image, ratings or sudden tears.

Replotting Muskie

It could have been a wake. But Ed Muskie, fresh from a morning round of golf, managed to be relaxed and good-humored as he faced nine of his top advisers at his Bethesda, Md., home last week to try to rescue his foundering candidacy. Said he: "I'm here to listen, so say what you want to say."

They certainly did. Iowa Senator Harold Hughes complained about the lack of campaign leadership. Former Senator Albert Gore urged concentration on the nonprimary states, with curtailed campaigning for the April 25 primaries in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. Berl Bernhard, Muskie's campaign chief, also advocated bypassing the rest of the primaries except for California with its winner-take-all 271 delegates.

Senator Tom Eagleton of Missouri and longtime Presidential Adviser Jim Rowe, who had opposed Muskie's ill-fated effort in Wisconsin, were sunk in gloom over his fourth-place finish there. Clark Clifford had also been against competing in that primary, but his was a voice of optimism still. U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock, Businessman-Diplomat Sol Linowitz and Muskie's Maine confidant, George Mitchell, added their warnings, suggestions and views to the three-hour discussion that

ended with a compromise agreement on new Muskie strategy.

The revised plan is uncomplicated, but represents a sharp departure from Muskie's original scenario. Instead of aiming for as many primary victories as possible, Muskie will from here on out go for the four biggest prizes—Pennsylvania, Ohio, California and New York. While Muskie is on the stump, his staff will go delegate hunting in nonprimary states, bent on picking up a goodly share of the 1,009 convention delegates in those states.

Still, the advisers all agreed that the success of the drive hinges largely on Muskie's performance in Pennsylvania and Ohio. "If he gets his brains knocked out in Pennsylvania, he'll be crippled almost to obliteration," admitted one adviser. The new strategy also calls for a more forceful focus on the issues. There will be considerably less hand pumping at plant gates and in beer halls; instead Muskie will appear on TV interview and telephone talk shows, and limit his speeches to a few selected audiences.

Outwardly at least, his own mood and wit seem to improve with his shrinking prospects. Asked by a TV interviewer last week in Pittsburgh what he would do if George Wallace won the nomination, Muskie replied: "I'd cry."

I Was a Teen-Age Mayor

As soon as Jody Smith assumed the mayoralty of Ayrshire, Iowa (pop. 300), three months ago, things began to, well, hop. The first thing he did was take \$800 from the budget to spruce up the rundown town hall—including patching a wall at which, in a burst of boyish spirit, several of his Boy Scout troop had once thrown a fellow mem-

ber. Toughly impartial, he recently fined his 17-year-old brother Len \$24 for illegal possession of beer. He has spearheaded several long-needed reforms, such as jacking up the town speed limit from 10 m.p.h. to 25 m.p.h. and scrapping the ordinance regulating bowling alleys (there is not now, nor has there ever been, a bowling alley in Ayrshire). He has even offered to perform a marriage—although he himself could not be married without his father's consent. Mayor Smith is 19 years old.

The youngest mayor in the U.S. first caught campaign fever in 1964 during the Republican National Convention. "I liked the hubbub," he says. "It seemed like fun." Jody displayed a flair for leadership at Ayrshire High School, where he was an honor student, manager of the baseball and basketball teams, student council president (during which term he waged a successful campaign to convert one of the classrooms into a student lounge) and school janitor. He suffered his first political setback his senior year, when he lost his bid for the class presidency.

Gyp Joint. Undiscouraged, Jody decided last fall to challenge incumbent Mayor Elmer B. Swanson, 72. He could have rounded up sufficient petition signatures (twelve) within the Smith family, but opted instead for some house-to-house campaigning. "I talked a lot about the problem of frost boils in the streets," he says. "My theme was that it was time for a change."

The town's 144 registered voters obviously admired Jody's style. In a 96% turnout (a fair portion of the abstainers were at a family funeral), Jody swept to a 48-vote victory over Swanson.

A solid Nixon Republican who stands 6 ft 3 in., Jody has already caught the eye of Midwestern politicians. Although Governor Robert Ray was in Spain when Jody was inaugurated, he sent a congratulatory wire. Of course nobody is prouder of Jody's achievement than his fun-loving father Elmer ("They call me toothless Elmer"), whose gas station bears such pucky legends as ELMER'S GYP JOINT and GOD BLESS THIS MORTGAGED STATION.

Jody's schedule as a \$240-a-year mayor is even more demanding than one might suppose. A freshman at nearby Emmetsburg Community College, Mayor Smith drives a 24-mile school bus route twice daily, before and after commuting to school. On days when he is busy studying or meeting with the five-man town council, he turns the bus chores over to Brother Len—who presumably picks up enough extra change thereby to pay his beer fines.



MAYOR SMITH AT FAMILY STATION
Brother Len got fined.



WAITING IN LINE IN SANTA FE TO FILE FOR RACES FOR U.S. SENATE & HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

RAY CARY

POLITICAL BRIEFS

Teddy Would Have Won

The biggest upset of the 1972 presidential campaign so far is George McGovern's 30% plurality win in the Wisconsin primary. But imagine the general astonishment if the morning-after tally had read: Kennedy, 32%; McGovern, 19%; Wallace, 16%; Humphrey, 12%; Muskie, 7%; and Jackson, 6%.

That would have been the outcome had Edward Kennedy been on the ballot, according to the TIME/Yankelovich survey of 382 voters who were interviewed as they were leaving the polling booths. No fewer than 122 of them would have preferred Kennedy to the choice they made. Giving their votes to Teddy and taking them away from the candidates they actually voted for produces the lineup in which Kennedy wins overwhelmingly.

The survey shows that a Kennedy candidacy would have caused the largest desertions among Humphrey (42%) and McGovern (36%) voters, although 29% each of Muskie and Wallace supporters would also have switched to the Massachusetts Senator. Kennedy's name would have had the most effect in changing the votes of blue-collar workers (43%) and Democratic voters (39%). Only 7% of the cross-over Republican voters in Wisconsin would have selected Kennedy. Interestingly, if he had been on the ballot it would have made a greater difference to the middle-age and older voters (34%) than to the new and young voters (28%), suggesting that the young would have stayed loyal to McGovern. Remarkably, considering Chappaquiddick, considerably more women (39%) than men (27%) in the sample would have gone over to Kennedy.

Chaos in New Mexico

There was a time when New Mexico's \$2,550 filing fee kept candidates for the U.S. Senate to a perhaps unfair but undeniably merciful minimum. Recently, however, the fee was declared unconstitutional, loosing a flood of 40

filings before the closing date last week. The throng of candidates wanting to be Senator from New Mexico includes a wrestling promoter, a university professor, an artist-philosopher, an airline mechanic and an assortment of housewives.

Other candidacies also were opened up by the ruling, and 15 citizens have entered the race for the state's two congressional seats. The most arresting is a former New York Playboy Bunny who several years ago changed her name to Sparkle Plenty "to create a new image." Formerly Cheryl Boone of Coal Dale, Pa., Candidate Plenty, 28, faces some problems in convincing her neighbors in Santa Fe of the seriousness of her campaign, despite her memorable slogans: "Put a little Sparkle in Congress" and "We all need Plenty."

Two for the Money

New Jersey Democrat Cornelius Gallagher was indicted last week by a federal grand jury on charges of conspiracy, perjury and evasion of more than \$100,000 in income taxes. The seven-term House member from Bayonne, whom LIFE has accused (Aug. 9, 1968) of Mafia connections, denied any wrongdoing and contended that the indictment was the work of "our secret police society," in retaliation for his support of legislation to curb Government intrusion into people's privacy.

Another House member, John Dowdy of Texas, is in trouble anew. Last December Dowdy was convicted of accepting a \$25,000 bribe. In a Wallace-like ploy, his wife is running for the east Texas seat from which he is retiring after serving ten terms. Her opponents charge that Dowdy is abusing his franking privilege by sending out campaign literature for his wife. Even while on the campaign trail, she is continuing to collect the \$22,500 salary she receives as a clerk in Dowdy's congressional office.

The slow moving House Ethics Committee has promised to take a closer look at the charges. They started by meeting for 90 minutes and then adjourned without taking further action.

Word-Game Plan

Despite the *Instant Analysis* and the *Effete Snobs*, the *Silent Majority* supports Vietnamization and the steady *Winding Down* has allowed our allies to *Hack It*. On the domestic side, though, the *Game Plan* could use a little *Benign Neglect*.

Could anyone reading those lines before President Nixon's inauguration have had the vaguest notion of what they were about? Not likely, which is the point William Safire makes in the introduction to his second edition of *The New Language of Politics* (Collier Books; \$4.95), a lexicographic gallimaufry of political catch phrases. Safire, 42, a top Nixon speechwriter, published the first edition in 1968; the controlling theme was that political terms are among the most colorful and inventive in the English language, and that each new President creates neologisms. So do his opponents. Johnson gave us the Great Society and the War on Poverty, his enemies Credibility Gap and Big-Daddyism.

Safire published a second edition so quickly because of the bounteous contributions of President Nixon and that empyreal employer of epigram, Spiro Agnew. Since the language of politics is essentially the lexicon of propaganda, the tone of the Nixonisms reflects what are perceived to be the shifting moods and needs of the nation. Thus, Safire observes, the Great Unwashed is undesirable, while the Silent Majority is praiseworthy. Nixon's critics, says Safire, have manufactured their own verbal ammunition, such as Nixonomics and Southern Strategy.

Safire also notes that events of the past four years have produced or popularized a battery of phrases that came from neither the Administration nor its attackers. Notable among these are Women's Lib, *Machismo* and Middle America. But the Nixon team clearly walks away with the flight-of-fancy award for which Safire must take part credit. As a Nixon and Agnew speechwriter, Safire is himself responsible for Nattering Nabobs of Negativism.

CRIME

The Real McCoy

The best-known high-altitude highwayman was a calm character calling himself D B Cooper, who hijacked a Northwest Airlines 727 to Seattle last November, collected a \$200,000 ransom and four parachutes, coolly bailed out as the plane flew on toward Reno, and was never caught. Immortalized in song and on sweatshirts, Cooper has inspired nearly half a dozen imitators, all of whom have failed. But a new spate of plane snatchings last week seemed to stem from the more recent exploits of Richard Floyd McCoy Jr., 29, who came the closest to succeeding since the Cooper caper.

Listed on the passenger roster as T. Johnson and armed with a hand grenade, pistol and prewritten instructions for the pilot, McCoy had no trouble hijacking the United Airlines Denver-Los Angeles 727 to San Francisco. United met his demands: \$500,000 in small bills, six hours worth of fuel and four parachutes. With an expert's efficiency, McCoy then directed the pilot on a wandering eastward course and parachuted over Provo, Utah.

McCoy might have got away with it had he not in effect used the hijack to hitchhike home. Robert Van Leperen, a Utah highway patrolman and close friend, recalled that McCoy, an enthusiastic skydiver, had talked about hi-

jacking a plane in Cooper style. He may have put FBI agents on the skyjacker's tail, the FBI is not telling how it cracked the case. McCoy's picture was identified by a United passenger, and his military record yielded handwriting that the FBI said matched the ransom instructions. Less than 48 hours after he hijacked the plane, McCoy was taken into custody without a struggle. A search of his house and yard quickly turned up all but \$30 of the ransom. Charged with air piracy, he could receive a death sentence.

Family, friends and neighbors were incredulous, for McCoy hardly seemed the hijacker type. A quiet family man, father of two and devout Mormon, McCoy had taught Sunday school until last March. "All he ever talked about was sin," recalled one of his students. "He's a fine man," insisted his landlord. A classmate at Brigham Young University, where McCoy was a senior majoring in law enforcement, called him "an



DAVENPORT IN CUSTODY



FBI AGENTS SUBDUED HIJACKER STANLEY SPECK AT SAN DIEGO AIRPORT
"What these guys need is a shot in the face."

organized-crime freak" who "wanted to make his dent on the world by busting crime syndicates." His mother was mystified. "He's been very devoted to his church," sobbed his wife. "How could he?" McCoy offered no explanation.

He had served two hitches in Viet Nam as a demolition expert and pilot and won both the Army Commendation Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross. A warrant officer in the Utah National Guard, McCoy showed up for a scheduled training stint only hours after parachuting from the United plane in a risky night maneuver. Fellow Guardsman Van Leperen said McCoy had given no indication at the Guard session that anything was amiss. "Richard's my best friend," he added in disbelief. "He's one of the finest people I know." McCoy's well-publicized hijacking quickly triggered others.

► High over California, an unemployed Stanford graduate named Stanley Harlan Speck, 31, demanded \$500,000 and four parachutes in a plan to commandeer a Pacific Southwest Air-

lines 727 to Miami. But he imprudently left the plane at San Diego to pick up navigation charts for the crew, and was overpowered by police and PSA's hard-nosed president, J. Floyd Andrews, who said: "What these guys really need is to get shot right in the face."

► In Portland, Ore., an accountant for the Washington state highway department, Major Burton Davenport, 56, threatened to blow up a Continental Airlines 707 bound for Hawaii unless paid \$500,000 from the U.S. Treasury. After an hour, he was talked out of it.

► When Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, a 37-year-old Mexican with a history of psychiatric problems, hijacked a Frontier Airlines 737 from Albuquerque to Los Angeles, his motive was to gain not money but a public forum for alleged injustice to U.S. minorities. He got it in the form of radio and TV interviews aboard the plane with local Spanish-language stations and then meekly surrendered with apologies to the pilot.

To allay public jitters, the Federal Aviation Administration announced



McCoy Jr. UNDER ARREST



A is for adult Americans, the 18 million who failed to learn to read when they were children.



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HIJACKER CHAVEZ-ORTIZ ABOARD PLANE
Protest at pistol point.

that it was investigating the airlines involved for failure to screen passengers before departure. An offense against that rule, which was adopted by the FAA last February, could bring fines of \$1,000 each. The FAA charged that neither United nor PSA had prescreened passengers on the flights that were hijacked, and Frontier admitted that its metal-detection devices at Albuquerque were not working on the day Chavez-Ortiz pulled his protest hijack. In addition to using metal detectors, airlines are supposed to scrutinize passenger behavior at ticket counters to spot potential hijackers. But in United's case at least, it is doubtful that any profile could have pinpointed Richard McCoy, the man it seemed nobody really knew.

PRISONS

Jimmy the Reformer

While Jimmy Hoffa did his stretch at Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, the place probably had the bluest-ribbon prisoners' committee ever seen behind U.S. bars. Hoffa organized it informally to hear and act on complaints. It included, according to him, L.B.J.'s former aide, Bobby Baker, serving one to three years for theft, income tax evasion and conspiracy to defraud the Government, and Tammany Leader Carmine DeSapio, who went to Lewisburg last year for two years on three counts of bribery, as well as a former Army colonel, several businessmen and a Ph.D. Recalls Hoffa: "We were very active. We'd write memos to the warden, memos to the captain, lodge protests, take up grievances, get briefs filed. One kid came up and told me the guard was going to take away his lawbooks. Can you imagine that? I asked the guard what was going on. He said, 'They've got to go.' I told him, 'Look, friend, you touch those books and we'll file a court case so fast it'll make your

head swim.'" The lawbooks stayed.

That was the new Hoffa in action. Even while still inside (for fraud and jury tampering), the teamster boss began fighting for the rights of inmates. Ever since President Nixon commuted his sentence last December, after nearly 58 months of a possible 13 years, Hoffa, with not much else to do, has been crusading for prison reform. Under the terms of his commutation, he must stay out of union business until 1980. This week Hoffa returns for sympathetic hearings to Capitol Hill, where in other times he has occasionally been roughly treated. He will appear before a House Judiciary subcommittee on prison reform. Last week, in his \$65,000 condominium near Miami Beach, Hoffa talked with TIME Correspondent Dave Beckwith about his new-found passion.

Spray Mace. Lewisburg is one of the best federal prisons, and Hoffa, assigned to a job of recycling old mattresses into new ones, had one of the easier situations. Nevertheless, he hated prison for its deliberately debilitating effect on mind and body. "Everything that goes on is designed to strip you of your manhood. You only get medical attention if you're ready for an operation. The food is horrible. There aren't sufficient exercise facilities, and a lot of people are afraid to expose themselves to possible violence or trouble, so they stay in their cells and vegetate." The violent or troublesome are taken away to solitary confinement in "the hole," where among other refinements, according to Hoffa, "a guard would walk down the corridor and spray Mace at random."

"There was plenty of dope and tranquilizers available; three times a day they'd bring out the pill tray and 200 guys would line up." On the black market, "there was heroin, hashish, marijuana, plenty of it, anything you want as long as you got money, or you can sell your body. They think you will accept the prison because you're allowed to have things like that. But what about the guy who's stabbed by a guy who's on drugs?"

"How does the dope get in? There are two entrances. One's for trucks and that's guarded, and one's for visitors and guards. The visitors ain't bringing in the dope so you figure it out. If the prison authorities wanted to cut out the dope smuggling, they could just tell the quarters officers, 'I don't want any more dope coming into this prison.' But they don't."

Hoffa found the guards, who were union men, generally compassionate, but there were disturbing exceptions. "About 85% were O.K., but 10% were overly ambitious, trying to report somebody and get ahead, get a promotion, and they were always causing trouble. Five percent were sadistic, ornery bastards. They had rules, but they'd never hand them out, because if the rules are known to the inmates, then when a

guard does something wrong everybody would know it and could stand up for their rights. I pestered one lieutenant to hand out the rules, so one day he handed a few copies around. When the captain came in and found out, he ordered them all picked up."

Manhood. Hoffa agrees with the common view that such treatment does little to rehabilitate a criminal. He also considers prisons responsible for current waves of strikes and violence; two such strikes took place at Lewisburg while he was there, but he did not participate in either. "It's not worth it, but I'll say this. They may beat a strike, but they'll never win it. It gets to the point where the prisoners don't care whether they win or lose. They simply got to show their manhood."

Hoffa urges prison reform on two levels. One is to put an end to the practice of jailhouse homogeneity as a way of destroying individuality. "They put rapists in with embezzlers, muggers in with draft dodgers, and they wonder why they're in trouble." The second reform concerns money. "You've got to set up training facilities to prepare men for work after release. You've got to train the guards and pay them more. You're going to spend the money somehow, either in police forces, courts, loss of property and lives, or in reform of the prisons."

The union boss, who was turned down three times for parole before his presidential commutation, would also replace parole boards with new ones composed of warden, caseworker, guards—and other prisoners. "Who knows more about a guy than somebody who's lived with him 24 hours a day?"



HOFFA AT HOME IN FLORIDA
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SOCIAL SECURITY

Good Chances for a Raise

In the near future, quite possibly before Election Day 1972, Congress may well perform a major retooling job on the 36-year-old Social Security program. There are likely to be substantial raises in benefits paid to the elderly and disabled—and walloping increases in Social Security taxes paid by many working people and by their employers. Congressmen get more mail on Social Security than any other issue; the letters insistently call for higher benefits. Particularly in a political campaign year, politicians of both parties are eager to boost the income of the 27 million Social Security recipients, most of

whom would give even higher increases to elderly Americans who are poor, sick or particularly industrious. Among proposals being debated:

- Much higher payments to people who have worked and have paid Social Security taxes for many years. A retired employee with 30 years or more on the job, no matter what his salary level, would get at least \$200 per month, v. as little as \$70 now. Married couples would get at least \$300.

- More opportunity to work for extra money. At present, recipients under 72 lose \$1 of benefits for every \$2 they earn in excess of \$1,680 a year. This cut-

extra benefits would swell the price still further. How will the Government pay the bill? In part the new funds will come from regular Social Security "contributions," which in the past two years have run about \$3 billion ahead of expenses. The rest will have to be raised by hitting taxpayers.

\$600 Bite. Beginning next year, employees will probably pay Social Security taxes on all income up to \$12,000, v. \$9,000 at present. This would place the burden of bankrolling new benefits almost entirely on workers who earn middle-level incomes or above. Since the Social Security tax rate is 5.2%, people earning \$12,000 a year or more would have to pay \$624 annually, up from \$468 at present; employers, who are required to match payroll deductions, would pay the same amount. Middle-income earners, already protesting loudly against the increasingly painful bite of many kinds of taxes, will hardly welcome the raises. They have a point. Social Security taxes take a disproportionate share of the earnings of middle-income and low-income Americans compared with those of the rich, and thus are regressive levies. Yet for all that, the benefits from Social Security contributions at least ease the considerable burden placed on many in the past by elderly relatives.

President Nixon will strongly pressure Congress to finance most new benefits from new taxes. Reason: the excess Social Security contributions currently piling up in the Treasury are counted as normal Government income; thus, if they are spent, the federal deficit will go beyond the large \$25 billion already budgeted for the next fiscal year. Nixon's budget for that period, which begins in July, sets aside enough funds for a Social Security increase of only 5%, and he could well argue that any benefits beyond that not raised by new taxes will be inflationary. But if Congress should disregard that warning and boost the benefits further, Nixon might have to discard one more chapter in his tattered book of fiscal responsibility. To veto bigger payments to the nation's elderly during the election campaign could be politically dangerous, and perhaps suicidal.

PRICES

The Sprouting Farm Issue

Trying to fix the blame for the high price of food has become a national preoccupation—a noisy adult version of pin the tail on the donkey, played by politicians, supermarketiers, farmers and consumers. Yet one thing is clear: despite a recent leveling, supermarket prices will climb further during 1972. That message came out of the Price



ELDERLY AMERICANS PASSING THE TIME IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
The prospect of new benefits, wider coverage—and higher taxes.

whom are 65 or over and most of whom will vote. No one can yet predict how big the new benefits will be, but at least a dozen proposals to expand Social Security payments are now being mulled over by the Senate Finance Committee.

Benefits may go up by as much as 20%. That is the recommendation made by Wilbur Mills, the House Ways and Means chairman, who had as much say as anyone in setting recent increases—15% in 1970 and 10% in 1971. If Mills' highly political plan is passed, the compounded increase in Social Security checks next year will be more than 50% over 1969. Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long, not ruling out Mills' proposal, says emphatically that a general increase of at least 10% is "a very safe assumption." In addition, Long's 16-member committee is considering a multiplicity of extra benefits that

off point might be raised quite justifiably to \$2,000 or \$2,400. After all, retired people who have been able to accumulate stocks and bonds are not penalized for collecting dividends and interest in addition to Social Security payments.

- New medical benefits. Social Security recipients may be reimbursed for prescription drugs, especially those required for treatment of chronic illness, such as heart trouble.

- Wider coverage. Extra Social Security payments probably will be made available to recipients taking care of dependent and disabled brothers and sisters, and to those raising orphaned grandchildren.

The cost for this will be high. In the unlikely event that Mills gets his full 20% increase, the added cost would be \$6.3 billion to \$8 billion a year. Any

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2 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream

Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liqueur Galliano over ice and squeeze ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER

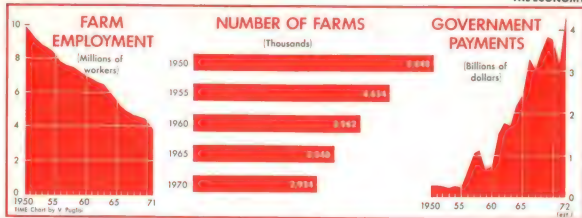
Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liqueur Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

¼ oz. Liqueur Galliano
¼ oz. Light Rum
Juice of ½ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

Fond of things Italiano?
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Commission's hearings on food costs last week. As Assistant Agriculture Secretary Richard Lyng said: "Increases in retail food prices will, overall, be modest. There will, however, be sizable price swings in individual commodities."

Shortages account for the immediate jump in farm goods. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz and other farm spokesmen argue that America's increasing appetite for meat and other farm products has kicked up prices. On the other hand, many economists contend that the Government's elaborate price-support policies have contributed substantially to high food costs. Thus the controversy over food prices, which will be a prime campaign issue, is also likely to bring into question the whole program of subsidies to agriculture.

Peanuts and Corn. Basically, the Government tries to restrict production by paying farmers to reduce the amount of land that they cultivate. It also seeks to prop up the market for crops like wheat, corn, rice and peanuts by guaranteeing a minimum price. Farmers can collect money for taking land out of production, then increase the yield on the acreage they do use, and collect at least the support price on all that they raise. A study last year by former Budget Director Charles Schultze estimated that consumers pay an extra \$4.5 billion a year for food because of price supports. Indeed, consumers are clobered twice, because they have to pay out additional billions in taxes to finance supports—a massive transfer of national income from consumers' pockets to farmers' pockets. The farm bloc rightly contends that U.S. agricultural products are a bargain when compared with those of some European countries. But this does not justify the inequities and inefficiencies that have grown up around the subsidy program.

In this political year the Administration will spend a record \$4.3 billion or more for farm subsidies, up from \$3.3 billion last year. Just to get corn production down, the Government will hand out a record \$1.9 billion for feed grains this year. Moreover, price supports for corn raise the costs of feed for ranchers, who in turn produce less

livestock and thus cause the price of meat to rise. In 1970, Congress limited each farm to a subsidy of \$55,000 per crop. Some big farmers divided their large holdings into smaller units, each eligible for a separate subsidy.

The subsidies, together with the higher prices that farmers are getting for their goods, especially meat, will lift farm income this year by 10% to 15%. Farmers argue that these increases are justified by their rising expenses for labor, machinery, fertilizer and taxes. Yet, as Price Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson observes, inflation also burdens other segments of society; if inflation is to be checked, farmers, too, must sacrifice.

Farm lobbyists in Washington tirelessly raise the old issue of parity, a concept born in the Depression and based on the price relationship between what farmers pay for their goods and services and what they get for their crops. The optimum ratio of 100 was tied to conditions in 1909-14, a golden age for agriculture. Parity is now running at about 75. Yet despite lower parity, the farmer's real income has risen over the years. Reason: technology has increased productivity and crop yields, so that he can produce much more on his land with less effort. Sixty years ago, it took one man 106 hours to produce a bushel of wheat; now he can raise the same amount with eleven hours of work.

Enter the Giants. Subsidies have nourished a new giantism on the farm, which has created some unwholesome social effects. Large farmers collect an ever greater share of the subsidies. There are 2,900,000 farms in the nation; roughly 20% of them are big ones that collect about 60% of the subsidies. Many small farmers do not get any subsidy at all. They often cannot get credit to expand and compete because their income is so low: in 1970 about two-thirds of all farmers had annual sales of less than \$10,000. As the big farmers grow richer, they buy up more and more small operators. Since 1950, the number of U.S. farms has been cut in half, and the farm work force has declined by 60%. Millions of displaced farm workers have drifted to the city, often

winding up in ghettos, where they subsist on welfare—and push up taxes.

Lately this trend has been speeded up with the growth in farming of huge corporations, including Tenneco, Puget, Getty Oil and Monsanto. In California, the nation's leading farm producing state, 45 corporations own or lease almost 3,700,000 acres. These firms can overpower small farms by writing off losses in their agricultural ventures against taxes due from other more profitable enterprises. They have sufficient capital reserves to put off selling livestock long enough to qualify for the lower capital-gains taxes; the small farmer usually cannot do this because he needs a fairly steady income in order to survive. Tenneco and some other large firms control every aspect of food producing, from planting to retail sales. Huge "agribusiness" firms absolutely dominate the poultry business. With their great size and resources, the large companies can often dictate terms to individual farmers on leasing land or contracting for crops.

For all the disruption that it has caused, the rapid growth in farm size has not brought appreciably lower prices. Indeed, it has contributed to a decline in quality of some items. Since corporate farming is most profitable if crops can be machine-harvested, plant geneticists have developed tomatoes, berries and other fruits that have thicker skins and, in the opinion of many consumers, less taste.

To eliminate the waste and inequities in U.S. farm policies would require a complete restructuring of the system. That would include a root-and-branch revamping of the subsidy program, a revision of the capital-gains tax as it applies to agriculture, and a law requiring big companies to bargain collectively with farmers instead of grinding them down one by one in some parts of the country. Powerful lobbies will battle bitterly against such moves, and it seems politically impossible to substantially lower subsidies in the near future. But with food prices a hot issue in the presidential race, the time is at hand for a thorough national debate that could lead to future reforms.

THE WAR

Escalation in the Air, Ordeal on the Ground

SUDDENLY, it seemed almost like 1968 all over again. Once more, waves of U.S. aircraft—B-52s and carrier-based fighter-bombers—swept into the heart of North Viet Nam on heavy bombing raids. Their main target this time: the port of Haiphong, which had been off limits for U.S. planes since President Lyndon Johnson cut back the bombing of North Viet Nam four years ago. The planes dropped their bomb loads on fuel dumps, warehouses and, as the U.S. command in Saigon put it in an all-embracing phrase, "other activities which are supporting the invasion of South Viet Nam by North Vietnamese forces."

ARVN PARATROOPERS UNDER ATTACK



GEOFFREY KIRBY

It was a major new escalation of the war, and a high-risk gamble by President Nixon—one that he had been reluctant to take. Inescapably, it was a blow of retribution: the U.S. said that its new thrust northward was prompted by North Viet Nam's "mass invasion" of the South. The military justification was that Haiphong is the North's *entrepôt* for war supplies. But those supplies cannot affect the war between now and the start of the rainy season next month, when military activity slows down anyway. Thus the only strictly military advantage of the bombing was to slow the movement of supplies southward for any new North Vietnamese offensive seven months from now, when the rainy season ends.

The diplomatic impact was strong. The main target of U.S. diplomacy last week had been the Soviet Union, which has furnished Hanoi with its missiles, its artillery and its 500 tanks (about 200 of them in use in the South). In a speech delivered in Ottawa earlier in the week, Nixon had given Moscow an oblique warning that "great powers cannot avoid the responsibility for the use of arms by those to whom they give them." In fact, it is unlikely that the Soviets deliberately equipped Hanoi for an invasion of South Viet Nam; most of the arms were apparently intended for North Viet Nam's defense. There is little reason to believe that Moscow could force North Viet Nam to curb its offensive, even if it wanted to try. As the U.S. has learned after more than a dec-

ade of war, Hanoi has a mind of its own.

Now, by ordering the bombing, Nixon has acutely embarrassed the Russians, who have no choice but to react with indignation. Whether they would go so far as to revoke the President's invitation to visit Moscow in May was far more doubtful—and the essence of Nixon's gamble. In effect, the President was betting that both sides want the summit enough that the Kremlin will still welcome him on schedule.

Tank Duels. On the ground in South Viet Nam, the North Vietnamese offensive was in its third bloody week, and was also beginning to look like old times—very old times. In the craggy, sandy wastes of South Viet Nam's northern provinces, where the Communist drive began, whole platoons of tanks dueling for the first time in this war. Farther south, in Binh Long province, where the main fighting flared, columns of troops and vehicles crawled along a sun-baked highway on their way to aid a garrison under siege by the Communist regiments and artillery of General Vo Nguyen Giap. "This battle is a very conventional one," said an American adviser, Colonel J. Ross Franklin. "Giap's battle plan could have come from a German, a Frenchman or an Englishman. They're leading with their infantry, supported by artillery and tanks. They have everything but air."

While airpower alone could not make ARVN (the South Vietnamese army) a winner against the Communists

ARVN RANGERS RELAXING DURING LULL AT DONG HA



GEOFFREY KIRBY

RELIEF COLUMN ON ROAD TO AN LOC



on the ground, it could be crucial in staving off defeat. Last week that proposition was tested again as U.S. and Vietnamese aircraft fought to save an outgunned ARVN force from what would be Giap's first important victory of the campaign: the capture of An Loc (pop. 40,000), the capital of Binh Long province, which is 60 miles north of Saigon via the French-built Highway 13.

To the Saigon government, it was imperative that ARVN prove itself able to defend a city that in normal times and good weather is only a two-hour drive from the capital. The Communists have so far been frustrated in their attempts to capture the old imperial cap-

ital of Hué or the city of Quang Tri farther north, and it is believed that An Loc was to have been the seat of a provisional Viet Cong government. It should not have been a difficult target. In Binh Long province, the chief ARVN force was the 10,000-man 5th Division, a weak outfit that had been badly bloodied by the North Vietnamese a year ago in Cambodia. Opposing it were two battle-tested North Vietnamese divisions, and an artillery regiment (some 20,000 to 30,000 men) equipped with Soviet heavy weapons, including as many as 50 tanks.

Early on, the Communists had cut a wide swath through Binh Long, "lib-

erating" several hamlets and overrunning the 5th Division logistics base at Loc Ninh. Backed by their Soviet-made artillery and tanks, several thousand regulars of the North Vietnamese 5th and 9th Divisions then surrounded An Loc and its 12,000 defenders, who included a ranger battalion and remnants of two battered 5th Division regiments.

As the Communist artillery began taking the city apart, President Nguyen Van Thieu took a hand in the effort to break the siege. He called up the 21st ARVN Division from the Mekong Delta, then sent it up Highway 13 behind his own palace guard, a crack 400-man paratroop battalion. The would-be "re-

On Highway 13: The Long Road to An Loc

TIME Correspondent David DeVoss was with the 20,000-man relief column of South Vietnamese troops on Highway 13 last week as they tried to break through an NVA blockade to reach the provincial capital of An Loc, 60 miles north of Saigon. His report

THERE were *beaucoup* VC," said Sergeant Lam Son, a twelve-year veteran of the ARVN 9th Regiment, who earlier had been fortunate enough to escape from Loc Ninh, the town that was overrun by the North Vietnamese in their drive on An Loc. "They [the North Vietnamese] had about 30 tanks and many of us were killed. We kill many VC, but they too strong." When I met the sergeant, he was preparing to move north again toward the besieged city of An Loc. His unit was in the village of Lai Khe, 30 miles south of An Loc, which was being used as the base for the buildup of the relief column.

For one entire day, a seemingly endless convoy of trucks poured into the town, carrying troops from the 21st Division, normally stationed deep in the Mekong Delta. Everyone seemed confident, except for the American helicopter crews waiting to carry some high-level U.S. military observers to the battlefield. "They'll never win this war as long as the Vietnamese let those guys fly choppers," said one Army captain, gesturing toward the dozing crew of a ramshackle Vietnamese Air Force "Huey." "These guys can't fight and won't fight. You'll never catch them in the air after 5 p.m. Just look at that," he laughed as a troop-laden chopper lurched toward a vacant landing pad.

The next day, the column moved 13 miles north to Chon Thanh, a lazy town of tin houses with thatched roofs between Lai Khe and An Loc. The townspeople, exuding the blithe fatalism common to many Vietnamese, seemed to be enjoying the show. "Some people are scared," confessed Restaurateur Tu Ca, "but not enough to leave.

Some of the rich have taken their children to Saigon, but all the regular people stay." Ca intended to stay and defend his reputation for serving the town's best *chao long* (a soup concocted of pork, noodles and vegetables).

An unreal sense of well-being extended even to a dark, sandbagged burrow on the town's south side where ARVN Major Tran Ai Quoc had set up a command post. As his battery of radios crackled in the background, Quoc reported that the situation around the town was quiet. It had better be. His retinue of lieutenants and enlisted men had been drinking Ba Muoi Ba brand beer and De Kuyper *crème de menthe*. An attack then would have been a disaster.

The following day the Saigon press corps arrived to witness what they had been told would be a triumphal march to the north. The optimism was bolstered by U.S. Major General James F. Hollingsworth, who dropped from the sky in his chopper (code name: Dynamite Six). "The North Vietnamese are trying to get back to Cambodia now," he said. "We are going to kill 'em all before they get there. These NVA are like mice in a haystack." Another U.S. adviser was less sanguine. "This is just like the First Battle of Bull Run," he muttered, alluding to the civilian spectators and festive atmosphere that attended that Civil War engagement.

That day the column moved about three miles. From atop an armored personnel carrier, the landscape looked like the Oklahoma Panhandle—high-dry yellow banana grass, and clumps of scraggly trees on either side of the road. It was an ideal terrain for U.S. aerial domination—or so it seemed.

Suddenly the optimism and euphoria began to fade. VC sappers dynamited a culvert on Highway 13, five miles north of Lai Khe, shattering the comforting illusion that the road was safe. Two patrols of airborne troopers marching toward An Loc were badly mauled in ambushes. Then at 11 a.m.



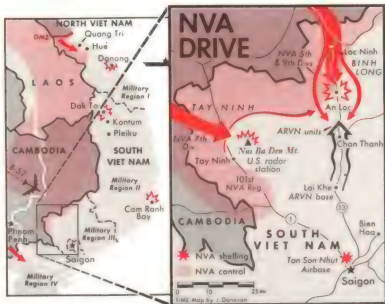
ARVN RELIEF TROOPS ABOARD TRUCK

the next day, enemy rockets and mortar shells pelted the column's artillery. ARVN tanks blazed back furiously, but with little success. An ARVN tank was hit by a B-40 rocket and exploded into a blazing wreck. Tac air was called in, and for 40 minutes, VNAF Skyraiders, U.S. Air Force Phantoms and C-119 gunships bombed and strafed. Nobody knew if they hit anyone, but at least the mortars were silenced.

In the ensuing lull, ARVN troopers scavenged sandbags from a bunker that had been blown apart by an enemy mortar round. Some soldiers dug their fox holes deeper while others stared impassively at the immobile grass. Over campfires fueled by empty ammunition boxes hung pots of homemade noodle-and-vegetable soup.

"Beaucoup hot," said one trooper, looking at the heat waves rising from the asphalt highway, which was pitted and cracked from the mortar shelling.

"Beaucoup VC," we replied.



DICK WALPER



U.S. ADVISER WITH ARVN SOLDIER

lief column" ground to a halt twelve miles from An Loc (see box, preceding page). Far more effective was the relief from the skies. U.S. Navy fighters, Air Force B-52 bombers and prop-driven Skyraiders skillfully piloted by South Vietnamese stopped several Communist tanks dead in their tracks. When the ground attack began, the Communists lost 25 more tanks in one 24-hour period, including 18 in fierce combat inside the city. At week's end both sides were claiming victory, but the issue was still in doubt.

An Loc was not ARVN's only problem last week. U.S. and South Vietnamese planes had to be diverted to the defense of the relief column, which was strung out helplessly over a 13-mile

stretch of Highway 13. Farther north, in Military Region II (the vulnerable Central Highlands), a human wave of Communist troops swept an ARVN garrison from a fire base near Dak To, suggesting that an expected assault on the nearby city of Kontum was not far off. In Military Region I (the northernmost provinces), bloody fighting continued—as did the flow of Communist supplies through the DMZ. At Fire Base Bastogne near Hue, ARVN 1st Division troops ran so low on supplies after a long siege that they were fighting with arms and ammunition picked from enemy dead. Meanwhile, terrorist activity increased all over South Viet Nam. For the first time in two years, rockets were fired at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airbase.

At week's end the North Vietnamese had clearly demonstrated the weakness of South Viet Nam's border defenses. They retained the military initiative, and they continued to hold large swatches of South Vietnamese territory. But they had not been able to take permanent hold of any important cities. Nor had the NVA been able to bring about what the Hanoi daily *Nhan Dan* last week gloatingly described as "Nixon's biggest nightmare—a Saigon puppet army battered everywhere and crumbling irremediably."

Except around An Loc, ARVN commanders showed a reluctance to mount a sustained counteroffensive—a matter they left to the pilots. There were occasional scenes, too, of panicked soldiers rushing to grab the skids of helicopters as they pulled out of areas under fire. But to American military advisers present on the battlefields to provide logistical information and encouragement, most of the South Vietnamese troops seemed tough and professional.

In the north, Giap's 35,000 troops were stalemated by ARVN defenders around Hue and Quang Tri. North of

the latter last week, a clever South Vietnamese marine commander simply evacuated his base after learning of an impending Communist night armor attack; when the North Vietnamese drove into the base, the marines opened fire from the perimeter, knocking out at least five tanks and killing scores of enemy troops. Another Communist armored force roared east on Highway 9 in the darkness but missed the turn to its objective, Dong Ha. When the sun rose, the parked, puzzled Communists found themselves under the muzzles of heavier ARVN M-48 tanks. Result: six more North Vietnamese tanks knocked out. Said a U.S. adviser: "Yes, we stopped them cold. The battle is not over, but I think that the crisis is past."

Or so Washington and Saigon hope, though they are not convinced that this is the case. In fact, both American and South Vietnamese commanders on the scene tend to agree that some major fighting still lies ahead. So far, the North Vietnamese have committed no more than half of their 100,000 troops in the South to battle, and they have yet to challenge ARVN where it is weakest, in the Central Highlands. For their part, the South Vietnamese have virtually no reserves to call on should the Communist drive spread to another front.

If the uncommitted North Vietnamese regiments enter the fighting, airpower would become more vital than ever, and last week the big U.S. buildup continued. Some 600 fighter-bombers were on hand at Danang and at bases in Thailand, as well as aboard the four carriers at Yankee Station. Two other carriers, the *Midway* and the *Saratoga*, were en route. As low clouds and drizzle kept U.S. Phantoms on the ground, South Viet Nam's own 700-plane air force took on an important role in the fighting; its ancient but effective Skyraiders, flown with daring by South Vietnamese pilots at treetop level, have accounted for a large portion of the more than 100 Communist tanks knocked out in the fighting so far.

Three Offensives. How long would the North Vietnamese drive continue? In Tet '68, the Communists pursued a series of three offensives, each of which faded after five or six weeks as supplies were exhausted and losses from U.S. counteroffensives mounted. Ranking U.S. officials in Saigon expect a similar pattern this time around. In their view, the current fighting will begin to fade in three to four weeks, as the North Vietnamese withdraw to their sanctuaries to regroup and resupply. Despite the onset of the monsoon rains, which are due to begin in most of the country next month, the Communists may well try to renew the fighting in August, in order to influence the U.S. election campaign. "Traditionally," says an American official in Saigon, "their first effort has been the strongest and most violent. According to our experience, the second will be less intense and so will the third, if there is a third."



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Two things impressed me about Chrysler's Newport Royal. How much they put into it and how little it costs.



I've watched Chrysler build their cars. I've seen the kind of engineering that goes into them. They try to build them to last. It's a real quality operation. Chrysler is more than just a big car. It's quiet and it's comfortable. It's the kind of car you'd call "substantial".



Chrysler is built to look good for a long time to come. If you live in an area where they use salt on the streets to melt snow or if you live near the ocean, you know what salt can do to a car. The little pin-points of rust that get bigger and bigger. Chrysler is doing something about that. Every Chrysler body is dipped into special solutions to help prevent corrosion.



You know how I feel about the things we've done to our environment. So you can understand how pleased I am to tell you about Chrysler's new electronic ignition. It eliminates the points and condenser, and it helps keep the engine in tune longer. That's important. Because a tuned engine means a cleaner exhaust. And a cleaner exhaust means cleaner air.



And how about the size? Chrysler is one of the roomiest cars built in America. But there's a lot more to this car than room. It's a quiet car, too. The engineers tell me they use more than 190 square feet of sound insulation material. It goes in the roof, the doors, the floor, wherever sound might come through. And it works. The whole idea is to build a car that will last, that's big, quiet, and comfortable and doesn't cost you a fortune to buy. That's another reason why I think Chrysler lives up to their slogan:

Coming through with the kind
of car America wants.



CHRYSLER



Nixon's Mission of Reassurance

SETTling into the free-form suede couch in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's newly decorated Ottawa office, Richard Nixon observed how relaxed the two leaders were in their talks. "With ongoing negotiations, it is easy for us to get together," he said. "We are up on our differences and we don't face the uncertainties of new positions."

Uncertainties, no. The differences between Canada and the U.S. are well understood by the two governments, and refuse to go away. Thus Nixon spent the better part of two days in Ottawa last week trying to patch up a tattered neighborly relationship.

The differences are mostly economic, and stem from Washington's attempts since last August to shore up the U.S. balance of trade. Canada, which is

The Treasury demands added political voltage to an atmosphere already charged with Canada's perennial worries about U.S. "cultural imperialism" and its impact on Canadians' cherished separate identity. In addition, there are more Canadian fears about U.S. control of its economy. American corporations own 76.4% of Canada's oil and coal resources, 99% of its oil refineries, 58% of its manufacturing—and 90% of all factories with more than 5,000 employees. Moreover, Washington has been pressing Ottawa to share "continental" energy supplies, particularly natural gas. Some Canadians have read this as an opening bid in a long-range determination by the U.S. to take over their energy resources.

Nixon's mission last week was thus



PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU WELCOMING PRESIDENT NIXON AT AIRPORT IN OTTAWA
At ease intellectually, despite differences in styles.

the U.S.'s largest trading partner, was wounded by Nixon's sudden decision to impose a since-rescinded surcharge on imports. Washington, in turn, was annoyed last fall that the Canadians were reluctant to revalue their dollar.

Although those particular issues are now moot, the atmosphere has been further clouded by Treasury Secretary John Connally's insistent demand that Ottawa make certain new economic concessions, notably a revision of the 1965 Canada-U.S. auto pact giving Canada a bigger share of joint car production. So far, Ottawa has refused to budge, and talks have bogged down in ill feeling. American negotiators speak disparagingly of Ottawa's "bush-league mandarins." Trudeau has cracked that "with friends like Secretary Connally, who needs enemies?"

one of reassurance—aimed primarily not at settling specific differences but at improving the soured diplomatic tone. Mindful that a demonstrator got through police guards last October and grabbed visiting Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, the Canadians took extraordinary precautions for Nixon's security. Plainclothes Mounties and U.S. Secret Servicemen even hosed down the mushy snowbanks near Parliament Hill, to eliminate the potential threat of snowballs being hurled.

In the context of Canadian concerns, Nixon's speech to Parliament was weighted with more meaning than the usual rhetoric of presidential visits, and it seemed to hit exactly the right note. "It is time for us to recognize," he declared, "that we have separate identities, that we have significant differences,

and that nobody's interests are furthered when these realities are obscured. Each nation must define the nature of its own interests, decide the requirements of its own security, and determine the path of its own progress."

Nixon also took care to correct a public gaffe he had made last August, in inaccurately describing Japan as the U.S.'s largest trading partner. "Canada," said Nixon, to the applause and then the laughter of the assembled M.P.s, "is the largest trading partner of the U.S. It is very important that that be noted in Japan too."

Despite the vast differences in their political and personal styles, Nixon and Trudeau have always been at ease with each other intellectually. In private talks, they agreed to press their negotiators to reopen talks—stalled since last December—on the economic issues. They also traded travelers' notes—Nixon on Peking, which has invited Trudeau for a visit, and Trudeau on Moscow, where he met Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev last spring.

No presidential visit is complete without a signing ceremony, and negotiators for both sides rushed to complete one important document in time: the five-year Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement that commits both governments to initiate programs by 1975 which would "restore and enhance" polluted waters from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence River. Expanding on the theme, Nixon and Trudeau raised the possibility of a similar agreement covering all the waters along the border—which would be more than ample reason for another presidential visit, if and when both men are re-elected.

BRITAIN

The War of Jenkins' Aye

When Parliament reconvened last week following an eleven-day holiday recess, the first act of Labor Party Deputy Leader Roy Jenkins was to seek out his leader, Harold Wilson. In a brief meeting at Wilson's Commons office, Jenkins, 51, bluntly announced that he was resigning, both as deputy leader and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Labor's shadow cabinet. He will return to the back benches in the House of Commons and there, freed from responsibility for maintaining party loyalty, he intends to continue his fight for British entry into the Common Market, an issue on which the Labor Party is badly splintered.

Jenkins' break with Wilson was quickly followed by the sympathetic resignations of seven other members of the Labor shadow cabinet, including

*As Nixon corrected that clunker, he dropped an other, smaller one. After tuckling a passage of speech in atrociously bad French, he apologized for his pronunciation of "a language I studied 17 years ago." He had asked his translator, Major General Vernon Walters, whether he could speak French in Ottawa. Nixon explained, and the General had told him to go ahead "because you speak French with a Canadian accent."



PARTY LEADER HAROLD WILSON

In a circus of gymnasts, consistency is the ultimate sin.



FORMER DEPUTY LEADER ROY JENKINS

Central Press

Defense Experts George Thomson and Lord Chalfont. The stunning move shattered the façade of Labor unity and cast the party into its most vituperative intramural quarrel in two decades.

For Britain's delighted Tories, Jenkins' action has far-reaching consequences. It means that Prime Minister Edward Heath's Common Market legislation is now virtually certain to pass on schedule, helped along by a Jenkins-led labor bloc of pro-Europeans. It also means that Heath—no longer plagued by the danger of defeat over EEC legislation—may call an early general election. British political observers expect that he may do so in the fall or, at the latest, next spring. If Heath can cut unemployment and show some success with his new Ulster policy, he seems virtually certain to win.

Shifted Ground. The personal battle between Wilson and Jenkins has gradually heightened ever since the Labor chief, as leader of the opposition, backed down on the position he had taken as Prime Minister and decided to fight against the terms on which Heath proposed to bring Britain into the Common Market. At first, Jenkins and other pro-Market Labor M.P.s went along, hoping to help Wilson secure a better deal for British entry.

Eventually, they became convinced that Wilson, for political reasons, had actually shifted ground and opposed entry itself. During the winter, the bickering grew sharper over what TIME's parliamentary correspondent, Honor Balfour, calls "the twists and turns of outrageous Wilson." Five months ago, the Jenkins bloc defied Wilson and party discipline and sided with Heath (TIME, Nov. 8) on a crucial vote to keep his Common Market bill alive.

Ever since, some parliamentary observers have been predicting an open break between Wilson and Jenkins. What finally brought it about was the recent effort of anti-Market Labor M.P.s to force a referendum on the Common

Market, which might show that a majority of Britons were against it. Initially, Wilson opposed a referendum on constitutional grounds. After French President Georges Pompidou called for a popular vote in France, which will take place next week, and after Heath suggested the possibility of a plebiscite on the Northern Ireland border issue, Wilson again reversed his stand. He backed a proposal by the chairman of the party's national executive committee, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, that Labor support a referendum amendment being moved by a small band of anti-Market Conservative M.P.s.

Wilson apparently bought Wedgwood Benn's argument that if the referendum amendment carried, Heath might be forced to call an election which Labor could win. The transparently political motive of Wilson's decision was too much for Jenkins, the Oxford-educated son of a Welsh coal miner, whose recent speeches have often touched on the need for Labor to address itself to the quality of British life. In a "Dear Harold" open letter following his resignation from the front bench, Jenkins opposed what he called "government born out of opportunism." Wrote he: "I want to see that future Labor governments have a clear sense of direction. This constant shifting of the ground I cannot accept. Save in the very short term, it will be far more damaging to the Labor Party than to the present government."

Jenkins' defection threw Labor into disarray. In addition to the ranking party leaders who decided to join him on the back benches last week, several other M.P.s advised Wilson that they would stay only if the waffling stopped. Unfazed, Wilson filled shadow cabinet vacancies with anti-Europeans, and other members from the left wing of the party moved up to give Labor's front bench a leftist majority for the first time. The former spokesman on foreign and Commonwealth affairs, Denis Healey, took Jenkins' shadow Exchequer post.

With Labor dominated by its left, the party will presumably lose some of its appeal to middle-of-the-road voters in a general election. As pro-Market M.P. William Price puts it: "Any political party can sustain a few gymnasts, but a whole circus of them would be a disaster."

The Labor feud is bound to affect personalities as well as the party. Jenkins, described by one supporter last week as having been "forced out for the ultimate political sin of being consistent," has lost, at least for the time, any chance of attaining party leadership. Labor will not easily forgive him for breaking ranks; at the party's conference next October he may well be accused of the heresy of "elitism." In the long run, though, Wilson is not much better off. He will likely remain party leader for the time being because no successor has emerged. But it is doubtful that Wilson, having split the Labor Party so badly, will ever be able to lead it back to power.

LATIN AMERICA

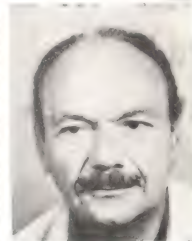
A State of Internal War

The guerrillas are back in action. After several months of relative inactivity, Latin America's left-wing terrorists struck out in a series of incidents last week, proving that they are as alive and intransigent as ever.

In Argentina, leftist terrorists ambushed and murdered Major General Juan Carlos Sánchez. Recently, Sánchez had boasted that he had eliminated 85% of the guerrillas from the region he controlled in the northeastern part of the country. Only three hours later, another group of guerrillas shot Oberdan Sallustro, the Italian manager of Argentina's Fiat auto plant, who had been kidnaped 20 days earlier.

In nearby Uruguay, meanwhile, 15 members of the notorious Tupamaros

AP/WIDE



SALLUSTRO IN GUERRILLA HIDEOUT
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2 WAY
WRIST
T. V.

A new kind of drug habit that's making the ghetto breathe easier.

Almost since the dawn of history, tuberculosis has been one of man's deadliest enemies.

And while new drugs have helped reduce the disease since 1945, the TB bug has shown an uncommon ability to develop resistance to medication.

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Now, a new drug developed by Dow research promises a brighter future for those afflicted.

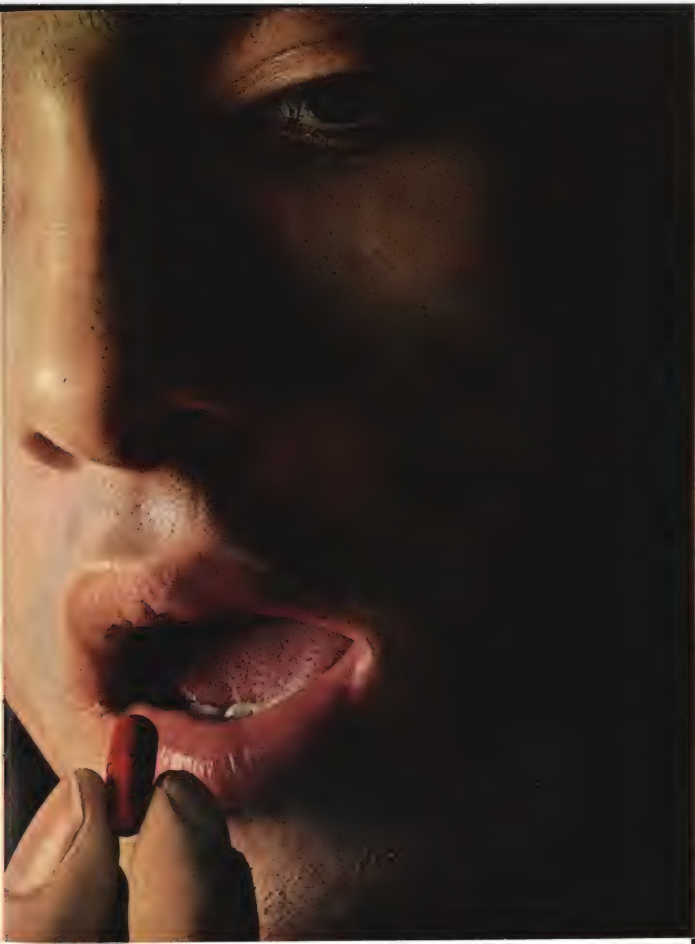
Used in combination therapy, the drug has promoted earlier response in many patients, and has even been characterized as "lifesaving" — particularly in cases where the disease has been resistant to other treatment.

Important though it is, this new drug is only part of the answer to tuberculosis. What's also needed is community action to improve the environmental conditions and living habits that keep this dangerous disease in business.

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The thousand-year-old-airline.



JAPAN AIR LINES

THE WORLD

guerrilla organization escaped from Montevideo's Punta Carretas prison through a recently built tunnel. Two days later, Tupamaros staged six fatal ambushes around Montevideo, killing two policemen, a naval officer and a former Cabinet under secretary. Eight Tupamaros, including two of the prison escapees, also lost their lives. The outbreak of violence caused President Juan María Bordaberry to ask the Uruguayan Congress to suspend individual rights and to declare a "state of internal war." At week's end, Congress approved his requested measures, but only for 30 days.

No Solution. Unlike the revolts led by such classic guerrillas as Mexico's Emiliano Zapata and Nicaragua's Augusto Sandino in the earlier part of this century, most contemporary terrorist movements are strongly ideological. Their leaders emulate Cuba's late Che Guevara and such flamboyant Guevarists as Brazil's Carlos Marighella, who was killed by Brazilian police in 1969. No Latin American government has yet found a way to deal with its guerrillas effectively except by repression—a strategy that may control the terrorists for a time, but does nothing to solve the root cause of their revolt.

Thus the movements persist. In Chile, the M.I.R. (Movement of the Revolutionary Left), which is militant but has seldom employed murderous tactics, has made a strong appeal to landless peasants in the southern part of the country. With only token resistance from the police, they have seized more than 150 farms and illegally occupied 2,000 or so apartments in government housing projects this year. Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens has been reluctant to move decisively against the squatters for fear of further weakening his already shaky left-wing coalition of support. Last week a massive protest parade in Santiago by an estimated 400,000 people—the largest street rally in Chilean history—demonstrated that he also faces mounting pressure from the moderate right.

Even in relatively stable Mexico a dozen or so terrorist organizations sporadically stage bank holdups and political kidnappings. The government's campaign against the guerrillas was aided by the death of Guerrilla Leader Genaro Vázquez Rojas in an auto accident last February. But another leader, Lucio Cabañas, is still free somewhere in the remote Guerrero mountains. He is believed responsible for kidnapping the son of a wealthy coffee farmer last month.

In Brazil, police not only killed Guerrilla Leader Marighella, who three years ago organized the kidnapping of U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick, but also Marighella's successor, Carlos Lamarca. He had plotted the kidnapping of Swiss Ambassador Giovanni Bucher in 1970. Brazilian terrorists have been quiescent lately, partly because of the grim effectiveness of the country's po-

lice and army, partly because most of the guerrillas seem to be young middle-class intellectuals who have little kinship with the masses of uneducated poor they would like to lead. "They just don't know how to get their hands dirty," says one American expert. "If one of these strange-talking kids moved into a *love-la*, the gossip would run through the place like fire. The cops would be on to him in no time."

Last week's guerrilla murders in Argentina were aimed at intimidating the government of President Alejandro Agustín Lanusse. Lanusse, who has called for elections to be held in March 1973, vowed that "nothing and no one will halt the country's return to constitutionality." Lanusse's firm stand in last week's crisis may have strengthened him, even though his refusal to negotiate with the kidnapers led to Sallustro's death. The guerrillas had demanded \$1,000,000 and the release of 50 political prisoners in return for the Italian's life.

Socrates' Truth. Sallustro's "execution" by his captors took place in a small house in Buenos Aires. At the end of a 20-minute gun battle between police and guerrillas, a man inside shouted: "Stop firing! We have Sallustro alive." In the ensuing silence, two more shots could be heard. When police rushed in, they found Sallustro dead on the bedroom floor. Three men escaped through a rear exit.

Sallustro obviously knew that he had been condemned to death. In his pocket, police found a note addressed to a colleague in which he recalled that Socrates, before taking the hemlock, had deplored the sobbing of his wife and followers. "He said they were jealous because he would know the truth before others," wrote Sallustro, adding, "I am very calm because I shall finally know the truth of Giorgio la son who was drowned 13 years ago and of God."

FRANCE

The Great Getaway

For a time last week it looked as though they were filming a French-language version of *Bonnie and Clyde*. Meet the *Keystone Kops* at the Palais de Justice in Paris. The action, though, was real enough.

The scene began when five gendarmes escorted two handcuffed hoods and their blonde gun moll into the chambers of Judge Robert Magnan for a preliminary hearing. As was the custom at the supposedly escape-proof Palais, the handcuffs were removed from the wrists of Christian Jubin and Georges ("Jo") Segard, both 30. Segard and his wife Evelyn, 27, stood charged with 31 armed robberies. Jubin, moreover, was accused of a double murder and rape. While Judge Magnan reviewed their dossiers, Evelyn opened her purse, ostensibly to get a handkerchief. Before anyone could say "Search *la femme*," she whipped out a pistol. "Don't try anything," Evelyn warned the stunned guards, as she handed two other guns to Jubin and her husband. "I've got one bullet for the judge and one for myself." Within moments, the gendarmes were wearing their own handcuffs and lying face down on the floor, their mouths taped.

As news of the escapade circulated through the courthouse, a squadron of police wearing bulletproof vests and armed with submachine guns belatedly barricaded the judge's chambers, where the trio now held nine hostages. Over the phone, Jubin's woman lawyer, Geneviève Aiche, urged her client to give himself up: "You'll never be able to escape." He refused. "If I fail," he snarled, "just put roses on my grave."

Through intermediaries, Jubin persuaded the police commissioner of the Palais to supply him and the Segards

SEGARD (RIGHT) WIELDS GUN AS JUBIN DRIVES CAR FROM PARIS COURTHOUSE



THE WORLD

with a getaway car. They took along three hostages: the judge, a clerk and a secretary. With Jubin at the wheel, a black Renault sped off into the night, followed by two police cars and several autos filled with reporters. Unable to shake his pursuers on a wild ride through Paris, Jubin finally brought the car to a screeching halt, jumped out and yelled: "If you don't stop following me, I'll shoot a hostage." The police and the newsmen turned back.

After abandoning the Renault and commandeering a passing motorist's white sedan, the trio released the hostages unharmed. They then zipped off to their hideout—which, it became clear later, was an apartment just around the corner from the office of Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas. While 10,000 of Paris' finest scoured the city, the Jubin gang felt confident enough to pull yet another job. They were abducting a young secretary, to use as a hostage, in her car when one of the few police units in Paris not assigned to the case apprehended them. Said one of the arresting officers: "We learned only later that we had caught the Jubin gang."

Back at the Palais, 50 of the 68 judges saw little humor in the daring escape. They met to demand better protection from *les gangsters*.

All Were Guilty

The most traumatic event in recent French history was unquestionably the Algerian war, which claimed the lives of 20,000 French soldiers and an estimated 1,000,000 Algerians between 1954 and 1962. French memories of the war are still bitter, but passions have recently cooled enough to permit a few uncensored examinations of a conflict that brought France perilously close to civil war. First to "bring the skeleton out of the closet," as one reviewer put

it, was General Jacques Massu, whose book *La Vraie Bataille d'Alger* (The Real Battle of Algiers) describes in chilling detail the tortures carried out by French paratroopers while he was military commander of the city—atrocities that had been officially denied by the French government.

Even more telling is a graphic film documentary called *La Guerre d'Algérie*, which is playing to packed houses in Paris. Reliving the war has proved to be a shattering experience for many viewers, and reactions range from stunned silence to horror and disgust. Shouts of "Salut!" (bastard) fill the theater when former Premier Guy Mollet is shown defending his policy of keeping draftees in the army for 30 months instead of the legal term of 18 months. "When the lights go on at the end of the film, you sit there crushed, speechless, heart sick," wrote Critic Jean Planchais in *Le Monde*. "It is a film that makes you sick," concluded Henri de Turenne of *L'Express*. "Sick at heart. Sick to the stomach."

Chain of Events. The two-hour, 40-minute documentary inevitably evokes comparison with *The Sorrow and the Pity* (TIME, March 27), an equally graphic chronicle of French life under Nazi occupation during World War II. *La Guerre* is the work of Yves Courrière, 36, a French journalist who quit his job with Radio Luxembourg to write a history of the Algerian war and later decided to make a film on the subject. "Very few people on either side really knew what was happening, even if they personally witnessed some of the events," says Courrière, who served with the French army in Algeria and was expelled from the country in 1969 for writing about the power struggle within the rebel movement. "I wished to show the ineluctable chain of events. I wanted to make the point that neither side was all good or all evil."

With Co-director Philippe Monnier and Jacques Perrin (the producer of *Zi*), Courrière spent 14 months traveling to eight countries in search of newsreels and still photos. From more than 500,000 ft. of film, the team selected 15,300 ft.—most of which had never been shown in France—and put it together, in Perrin's words, "as you would prepare a trial."

A trial it is, not simply of France's conduct of the war but of French political life. The movie opens with an apparently mindless act of terrorism that occurred one day in 1954. A country bus is machine-gunned by Algerian rebels on a mountain road, and several Algerians, both French and Moslem, are killed. Though few realize it, the war has begun. The film goes on to trace the growth of Algerian nationalism, led for the most part by hemedated Moslem veterans of World War II who fought with the Free French and came home to find that they themselves were not free.

Their demands for reforms meet

with a repressive response from the French authorities. Gradually a pattern of terrorism and reprisals builds. Chilling scenes show French army recruits calmly shooting down unarmed Algerian civilians. Equally gruesome scenes depict Algerian nationalists' reprisals against French colonists. Instead of extinguishing what was at first a small rebel movement, the French policy of humiliation, imprisonment and virtually indiscriminate killing spurs a nationwide demand for independence.

Comic Relief. Throughout the escalation of horrors, French politicians provide a kind of comic relief. In the hindsight of history, their words seem fatuous and self-serving. There is Leftist François Mitterrand, now head of the French Socialist Party, declaring, "Algeria is France!" And Defense Minister Michel Debré insisting that "the spurs of the Gallic rooster will cling fast to the oil of the Sahara." Even Charles de Gaulle has a bad moment or two, vowing in 1959 never to negotiate with the National Liberation Front. Soon after, De Gaulle sensibly reversed that policy and paved the way for the 1962 Evian accord giving Algeria its independence.

Despite some complaints about oversimplification, most critics have praised *La Guerre d'Algérie* as a dispassionate document of guilt. In the end, virtually everyone stands accused of complicity in the massacre of innocents. "Even at a distance of ten years," noted Critic Planchais, "the episode inspires shame and fear—shame that so little was done for so long to end a war that was officially never known as such, and fear in the face of a machine that made all Frenchmen, whether indifferent, ignorant or deeply involved, connive serenely at so many crimes and so much stupidity."

CUSTOMS

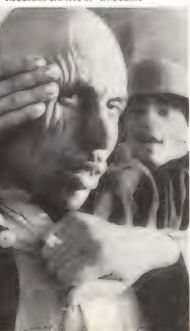
The Taxman Cometh

It was a sight calculated to make a revenue agent cry. The Roman nobleman, due to be tapped for several years' back taxes, welcomed the man from *il Fisco* to a scene of genteel poverty. Instead of valuable paintings on the apartment walls, there were only pale squares. The closet held a couple of threadbare suits. The prince offered the agent a Nazionale cigarette from a Marlboro package, explaining that he could no longer afford the real thing but had to keep up appearances.

Visibly moved by the evident decline of a famous family, the embarrassed agent left, and the subsequent tax settlement was sympathetically small. Meantime, the prince retrieved his priceless paintings and handmade clothes from the *partiere*, or janitor, who had helpfully hidden them when the inspector called.

As that classic incident illustrates,

ALGERIAN CAPTIVE IN "LA GUERRE"



confounding the taxman is one of the world's most popular unsung sports. It is usually played in the spring, and like polo, it is excelled at by the very rich. The rules vary widely. Indonesia, for instance, makes the game laughably easy by merely asking taxpayers to register and pay up, and ignoring those who do not.

Other countries, such as Japan and France, do not consider evasion a serious crime, but merely fine wayward taxpayers. In France, moreover, long-time evaders benefit from a statute of limitations; the authorities overlook all but the past four years. One woman who was recently apprehended after 27 years of nonpayment was not assessed for the first 23 years.

Illegal tax evasion is not as popular in France as it might be, however, since

nightclubbing and casino losses, counted as public relations expenses. No one has ever been convicted of tax evasion in the Philippines.

As a general rule, the more developed a country is, the more efficient are its methods of collecting taxes. Arful citizens of such nations frequently look for tax havens abroad. West German actors, for instance, often incorporate themselves in Switzerland, where the top tax rate is 35%, v. 53% at home (a loophole that the German government is trying to close by court action and a new tax treaty signed last year).

Other popular havens include Liechtenstein, Luxembourg and Monaco. In the Bahamas, there is no income tax at all, and on the English Channel island of Sark the rate is 6%. For creative artists who can qualify, probably

the man himself and to his business."

In some nations, the days of easy evasion are numbered. Brazil, for instance, has set up a computerized collection system, with the aid of U.S. advisers. Virtually every document, from land titles to promissory notes and even doctors' receipts, now requires a tax number. Says a wealthy Brazilian businessman: "We are all running scared."

Japanese tax collectors are feeding into their computers reports of businessmen buying new villas or handing out large tips, and even rumors about those who can afford mistresses—all to be stored until tax time comes round.

Nigeria has hit upon another drastic form of crackdown. Big-time defaulters are blacklisted from state receptions and cocktail parties. The penalty is harsher than it sounds, since no businessman is considered important unless he is seen regularly at official functions.

In Uganda, President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin has ordered roadblocks of troops and police to check on tax receipts and decreed that evaders—those lacking receipts—will be treated as *kondos*, or armed robbers, and shot on sight. Since the technique was introduced last year, officials proudly report a "marked improvement" in collections—though trigger-happy soldiers and police injured 150 tribesmen at one roadblock last February in the town of Soroti.

IRAN

Counting the Dead

"The earth vomited up the bones of the dead and a village with its inhabitants was suspended between heaven and earth during half a day; then it was swallowed up." So wrote the Arab historian Jellal As-Soyuti about an earthquake in medieval Persia. Last week his apocalyptic description again became reality for the people of the lush Qir valley 560 miles south of Teheran.

At 5:38 one morning, 58 villages were destroyed and more than 5,000 of their inhabitants were killed by a massive earthquake. In addition, 2,000 were seriously injured and 20,000 left homeless. The tremor, registering seven points (out of ten) on the Richter scale, was Iran's worst since 1968, when nearly 12,000 perished in the northeastern province of Khusasan.

Most of the victims died in their sleep. In the town of Qir, 37 early morning worshippers were killed when a mosque collapsed. "I was saying my prayers when a slight tremor shook me," recalled Safar Keshikar, a 41-year-old farmer. "I had hardly finished when the whole roof collapsed with a shock like a bomb explosion." Keshikar's wife and four children were buried beneath the ruins of their mud-brick home.

The Shah of Iran dispatched his brother, Prince Mahmoud, and Prime Minister Amir Abass Hoveida to super-



"You understand, signor, that we have to keep up appearances."

it is possible to avoid many taxes in an entirely legal way. A case in point is Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, who by taking full advantage of his lawful deductions paid no taxes from 1966 to 1969 (TIME, Feb. 28). Deductions of 20% to 30% are allowed journalists, pilots, car salesmen, life insurance inspectors, dancers, singers, musicians, chauffeurs and hat designers, compared with 5% to 10% permitted printers or coal miners. The generous deductions that France allows for children are not taken from income but from tax payable. "That is one reason rich industrialists in northern France often have eight or ten or twelve children," explains an official of the Ministry of Finance.

Other countries are even more generous. In the Philippines, a taxpayer can deduct not only his immediate family but unemployed brothers, sisters and even in-laws. Wealthy Filipinos frequently incorporate themselves—and claim business exemptions for rent, transportation, servants and even their

the best haven is Ireland, where, in the name of a Celtic revival, total exemption from income taxes was granted three years ago to bona fide resident writers, artists and composers, both Irish and foreign. So far, more than 300 have been granted exemptions.

Balcony Tax. No country has a system quite as complex as Italy's. Former President Luigi Einaudi once estimated that if every tax law were fully applied, the state would collect 110% of the gross national product. Italians pay special taxes on pianos, dogs and even balconies. Every time there is an earthquake or flood, a new tax is decreed to aid the stricken area, and it sometimes remains in force for decades. In all, a salaried worker can pay as many as 26 taxes. A radical tax reform is due to take effect in 1974. In the meantime, many Italians follow the view of the Vatican weekly *L'Osservatore della Domenica*, which once advised that a truthful tax declaration might bring "irreparable damage to



WEeping SURVIVORS OF EARTHQUAKE
A terrible memory is born.

vise rescue operations. Within four hours of the disaster, Iran's Red Cross, the Red Lion and Sun, was administering to the injured.

Iranian air force C-130s and helicopters were soon ferrying food, medicine, blankets and tents to the site. Even as soldiers and volunteers carried on the grim process of exhuming and then burying the dead, the disaster was becoming fixed as a terrible memory for the people of the valley. Roghieh Salari was one of several village women who gave birth shortly after the holocaust. The name of her newborn son: Zalzelleh (Earthquake).

SOUTH AFRICA

A Double Triumph

The bells of St. Mary's Cathedral in Johannesburg pealed joyfully last week. They were ringing to celebrate the successful appeal by the cathedral's dean, the Very Rev. Gonville French-Beytagh, 60, against a five-year prison term for violating South Africa's Terrorism Act (TIME, Nov. 15, 1971). "Everything looks good to me now," beamed French-Beytagh, as he left for Britain to take up a new ecclesiastical position.

A British subject, the stocky dean has long been an outspoken opponent of the government's racial policies. He had been convicted of supporting violent revolution and of distributing funds for an illegal anti-apartheid organization. Last week, in a 226-page judgment, three appellate judges at Bloemfontein ruled that the mere expression of antigovernment views, "even in somewhat intemperate terms," could not be equated with terrorism. The verdict, as one clergyman put it, was a triumph "not only for the church but for the judiciary."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Comédie Française

Next week is "French Week" in Jerusalem. Its goal is to improve Franco-Israeli relations, which disintegrated after Charles de Gaulle branded Israel an aggressor five years ago and refused to deliver 50 Mirage jets that Israel had already paid for.

The path to cordiality is proving thorny. Israel took umbrage when France, in the midst of the planning for French Week, joined Arab and Communist countries in voting for a U.N. Commission on Human Rights resolution that referred to Israeli "war crimes." The Israelis also demurred when Paris decided to send a political old-timer—Assembly Member Louis Joxe, an ex-Justice Minister—instead of a current Cabinet Minister to next week's dedication of a *maison de France* at the Hebrew University.

The final insult was France's refusal to send official representation to the opening of a display of Paris city planning at Jerusalem's new \$2,500,000 municipal theater. Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek will preside, and the Quai d'Orsay felt that sending a delegation would compromise the French position that Jerusalem is an international city.

After heated protests from the Israelis, a compromise was worked out. Jean Cherioux, president of the municipal council of Paris and thus its unofficial mayor, will attend the theater ceremonies as the city's representative. Afterward, he, Kollek and other guests will attend a Comédie Française performance of Marivaux's *Les Fausses Confidences*, which revolves around misunderstandings between lovers.

Oil and Amity

Ostensibly, the principal reason for Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin's five-day visit to Iraq last week was to join Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein Takriti at ceremonies marking the start of production at the rich North Rumaila oilfield 240 miles south of Baghdad. Developed with \$192 million of Soviet assistance, the field, which was expropriated from Western oil companies in 1961, is expected to produce 40 million tons of oil a year by the end of the decade. Some of the petroleum will be sent to the Soviet Union to supplement its diminishing domestic supplies.

Before Kosygin returned to Moscow, he signed a 15-year "treaty of friendship and cooperation" with Iraq. Until recently, the Kremlin signed such pacts only with other Communist nations; within the past year, however, the Russians have reached similar agreements with Egypt and India. The concordat with Iraq, which may be followed shortly by another with Syria, is a departure from the former Soviet practice of dealing with the Arab states primarily through Cairo. It also gives

the Russians a desired window on the Persian Gulf. Kosygin had scarcely taken off for home when a Soviet naval flotilla dropped anchor in the Iraqi port of Umm Qasr on a good-will visit.

Tirana's Tirades

Albania's best friend since its 1961 split with Nikita Khrushchev's liberalized Communism has been Red China, half a world away. Peking provided Tirana with everything from light bulbs to a giant hydroelectric dam that generates power for them. Albanian Party Boss Enver Hoxha in return offered the Chinese relentless praise for their brand of unswerving Marxism.

Lately, to Hoxha's displeasure, Peking has swerved. The Albanians were upset over the Nixon visit to China. In a pointed comparison of U.S. and Soviet policies, the Tirana ideological journal *Rruga e Partisë* (The Party's Road) warned that "it is wrong to rely on one imperialism to oppose another."

Malta's Prime Minister Dom Mintoff was welcomed on a recent Peking visit as an anti-imperialist champion. The Albanian press meanwhile lambasted "Maltese ruling circles" for selling out to Britain by negotiating a new military base agreement. The two allies disagree on the European Common Market (Tirana is opposed) and on Chinese overtures toward the Communist parties of Italy and Spain (in Albanian eyes both are revisionists). So far, the Chinese lion has ignored the roars from its Adriatic mouse.

Diplomatic Ripples

All kinds of diplomatic ripples have been set in motion by Richard Nixon's Peking visit. One such wavelet has brought North Viet Nam closer to Japan. First, two Japanese foreign ministry officials were invited to Hanoi for "exploratory talks" on improving relations; currently, a 14-member North Vietnamese trade delegation is making a month-long inspection of Japanese industry. The climax of the tour is expected to be an agreement to increase trade between the two nations, now a paltry \$14 million a year.

The North Vietnamese are obviously eager to display their independence from Peking by courting the Japanese, who are regarded by the Chinese as capitalist imperialists. Hanoi had proposed that a political delegation be sent, headed by a deputy premier. Tokyo demurred, partly because it still recognizes Saigon as the legitimate government of Viet Nam, and also because it is reluctant to provoke Washington's wrath. Thus came the trade delegation, which will meet with Japanese political leaders, as well as with industrial tycoons. It is officially headed by the chief of the North Viet Nam Chamber of Commerce, Dang Thi. As it happens, though, he is also the principal aide to North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong.

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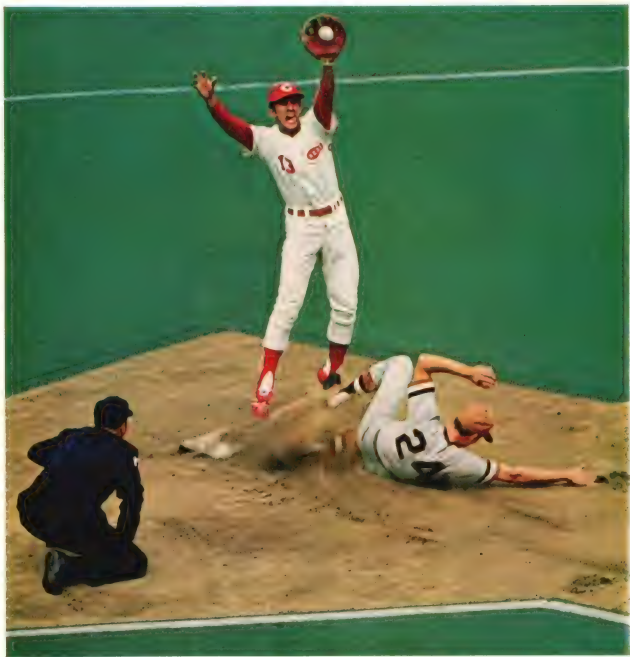
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the night game?

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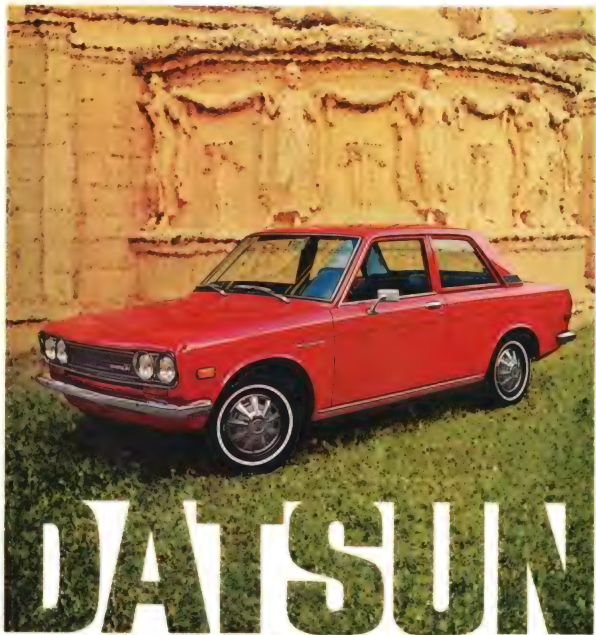
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DATSUN

FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

PEOPLE

The heir to the throne of England drove to his Sunday polo match in his blue Aston Martin convertible with a smashing blonde bird in black slacks and a cream-colored shirt with the tails hanging out. Between chukkers, they chatted it up and laughed a lot, and then **Prince Charles**, 23, drove her back to Windsor Castle. **Georgiana Russell** is the name—the 24-year-old daughter of Sir John Russell, Britain's Ambassador to Spain, and Lady Russell, a former Greek beauty queen. **Georgiana**, a gifted linguist (French, German, Greek, Italian, Portuguese, Russian), lives in London and works for *Vogue*. The gossip columnists are overjoyed.

San Antonio, Texas, is 1,500 miles from Charlottesville, Va., where former President **Lyndon Baines Johnson** had suffered his second severe heart attack only five days before. But so strong is the L.B.J. homing instinct that he persuaded his doctors to let him make the flight with a heart monitor taped to his chest. Next day his doctors at the Army's Brooke General Hospital in San Antonio said he was in "great spirits" and responding well to treatment, which will probably last several weeks.

At one of his rare solo concerts, in Manhattan's Whitney Museum, Jazz Pianist-Composer **Duke Ellington** received an even rarer compliment: Togo's Ambassador to the U.S. presented him with a block of his country's stamps honoring four great composers. "Ah," said the delighted Ellington. "Debussy, Bach, Beethoven—and Duke."

"I'm so nervous," said Movie Star **Jane Wyman**, wringing her program in San Diego's Off Broadway Theater. The former wife of California Governor **Ronald Reagan** was waiting for the curtain to go up on the musical *Guys and Dolls*, starring Daughter **Maureen Reagan** in the most exciting part she has had in her four-year acting career: Adelaide, the nightclub entertainer and penniless fiancée of Gambler **Nathan De-**

POPPER/OTO



GEORGIANA RUSSELL
In seven languages.

troit. In four pairs of eyelashes and a fluffy blonde wig, **Maureen** drew guffaws and catcalls in her bumping and grinding *A Bushel and a Peck* number, but the theater critic of the San Diego *Union* was more restrained. "**Maureen Reagan**," he wrote, "compensates for a small voice with large eyes and a dignified dedication."

Among the casualties of President Nixon's rapprochement with China is a svelte and soignée French author and television producer named **Danielle Hunebelle**, who was so upset by **Henry Kissinger's** failure to look her up in Paris on his way back from the secret negotiations last summer that she crashed her car. During her recuperation, she wrote him a long, long letter—about their meeting when she was doing a magazine piece on him, about their ripening friendship when she was doing a TV documentary on him, about **Kissinger's** skittishness at a deep involve-

ment because of his job. "Giving up the hope of understanding him," writes 49-year-old **Danielle**. "I decided to love him." **Danielle's** love letter has just been published in Paris as a 242-page book titled *Dear Henry*. On the dust jacket is a painting of Presidential Adviser **Kissinger** on his doorstep in striped pajamas, picking up a bottle of milk, a newspaper—and the morning mail.

The relations between Classics Professor **Erich Segal** and Yale University have not been exactly a love story. The professor seemed to be professing so much that wasn't classical—movies, for one thing, such as *Yellow Submarine*, for which he commuted to England to work on the script, and *Without Apparent Motive*, in which he played a French-speaking murder victim. Then came his super-bestseller, *Love Story*, which brought on such burdens as the latchkeys he said were thrust on him by airline hostesses. At Yale since 1964, an associate professor since 1968, **Segal**, 34, was up for tenure—which means that its possessor cannot be fired, except for flagrant wrongdoing. But the classics faculty turned thumbs down. Instead they appointed him senior lecturer, a post that carries fewer classroom responsibilities than a professorship. "It's sort of a middle ground," explained Department Chairman **J.J. Pollitt**.

At London's Aldwych Theater, the Natal Theater Workshop Company had one of the hits of the season with a Zulu version of *Macbeth* titled *Umbatha*. **Princess Margaret** paid her royal respects to the cast, and any scandal sniffers tempted to read significance into the sometime absence of her husband, **Lord Snowdon**, might well be discouraged by the catalogue of false rumors about her sister, **Queen Elizabeth II**, culled from the French press by **Jean Marcellin**, ex-editor in chief of *France Dimanche*. In Marcellin's survey, French papers have had the Queen pregnant 92 times, with nine miscarriages. She has been about to break up with Prince Philip 73 times, on the verge of abdicating 63 times, and near a nervous breakdown 32 times. And she has expelled **Lord Snowdon** from court no fewer than 151 times.

DANIELLE HUNEBELLE WITH FRIENDS



PRINCESS MARGARET & "UMBATHA'S" ACTORS



COVER STORY

Blood in the Streets: Subculture of Violence

RARELY has there been such a bizarrely precise intersection of fantasy and brutal reality. In half a dozen Manhattan theaters one morning last week, projectors were unrolling the mustily violent world of *The Godfather*, the Mafia wars of 1945-55. While Paramount's actors did their impersonations of *caparegimes* and button men in supposedly archaic rites of murder, the bright black Cadillacs were nosing up to the curb outside Guido's funeral home in Brooklyn.

The scene there had an authenticity

that was almost theatrical. From the brownstones along Clinton Avenue, old women stared in black shawls. Men in working clothes muttered to one another in Old World accents. Inside, under a lithograph of Christ, rested a \$5,000 burnished bronze casket festooned with flowers and surrounded by heavy, silently angry men and weeping women. Within it lay Joey Gallo, assassinated three days before as he celebrated his 43rd birthday in a Lower East Side clam house called Umberto's (TIME, April 17). His mother keened. "My Joey! What did they do to my Joey!"

It was not strictly a Mob funeral in the old style—nothing to compare with the opulent rites for, say, New Jersey Racketeer Willie Moretti after he was executed in 1951. No ambassadors came from the other New York Mafia families, but they had their reasons for staying away—too many police and reporters, and war in the air. The cortege, led part of the way by a police car with a flashing dome light, slowly toured Gallo's old President Street neighborhood, then drove to Brooklyn's Greenwood Cemetery. Police and federal agents were among the spectators. An unusually large number of gravediggers and an out-of-place olive-drah telephone van were on hand. The mourners filed by, dropping single roses onto the casket and crying: "Take him, Big Boy! You've got him now, Big Boy!" Big Boy meant God.

In its baroque atmospherics, the Gallo assassination was more than merely an episode of gangster nostalgia. As Gallo lay in his open casket, his face a mask of mortuary prettification, his sister Carmela promised: "The streets

are going to run red with blood, Joey." Within the space of six days, a total of five other bodies turned up, and the word was around that three more executions had been approved by the family of New York Mafia Overlord Carlo Gambino.

Blood Feud. More ominously, the Gallo and Colombo gangs last week officially declared war. The two clans "went to the mattresses"—the Mob's term for consolidating forces in fortified hideouts, hauling in mattresses for a long siege and sleeping on them for the duration. It was the most bitter gang conflict in a decade, and could become the bloodiest campaign since the savage Castellammarese war* in 1930-31, when scores of Mafiosi killed off one another in the streets across the country.

While homicide is as old as Cain, Mafia killings have a style all their own. They are the blood-feud eruptions of one of the nation's strangest and most powerful subcultures, and are carried out with an almost ritual quality. They are unlike fatal quarrels of husband and wife, random slaughter in delicatessen holdups and bar brawls, and the other killings that constitute the vast majority of murders in the U.S. Instead, the Mafia practices a drama of implacable tribal will: just as Clausewitz defined war as foreign policy by other means, La Cosa Nostra regards murder as an instrument of business—often conducted with a vengeance. The peculiar vogue that the Mafia is now enjoying in films and books may spring from a kind of stylish atavism that Americans recognize in a brute feudal system that allows swift retribution with no red tape. In part, it simply appeals to the anti-bureaucratic impulse, the secret instinct

Joey Gallo's mother leaving funeral home. Below: mourners at burial, including Brother Al Gallo (center).

*Named for a Mafia contingent that originated in the Sicilian town of Castellammare del Gollo.



that things can be "fixed," even in satirically violent ways. For the moment, many still find the Mob romantically sinister and enterprising, but the popular infatuation may fade now that the bodies are real.

In some ways it was ironic that the bloodletting should erupt now. Until last summer, many Americans were half-persuaded that the Mafia was chimerical. In New York, mobster Joseph Colombo organized the Italian-American Civil Rights League, using many law-abiding Italian-Americans as a shield for the Syndicate. The Mafia and La Cosa Nostra, the league argued, were anti-Italian figments of the FBI's imagination. Colombo even succeeded in embarrassing the producer of *The Godfather* into deleting the two names from the script. Then, at a "Unity Day" celebration in Manhattan's Columbus Circle last June, a black gunman named Jerome Johnson pumped three 7.65-mm slugs into Colombo Johnson himself was immediately killed by a Colombo bodyguard. Colombo survived, although he is paralyzed and said to be virtually "a vegetable." To its acute discomfort, the Mafia, which flourishes best in secrecy, found itself awash in the same kind of publicity that followed the 1957 summit meeting in Apalachin, N.Y., where 60 chieftains from across the nation were arrested.

Kid Blast. On the surface, the present warfare is a feud between Joe Colombo and Joe Gallo forces. After Colombo was hit last summer, the word passed through the underworld that the Gallos were behind it. The fact that the gunman was black seemed to confirm the theory; when "Crazy Joe" was in New York's Attica prison for extortion, he allied himself with black prisoners and once organized a protest against white prison barbers who refused to cut blacks' hair. After he got out early last year, Gallo said he wanted to bring blacks into the Syndicate, an idea that infuriated older Mafiosi. La Cosa Nostra, after all, is the most exclusive men's club in the world.

Bad blood between the Colombos and Gallos went back to 1960, when Joey, along with his brothers Larry and Albert ("Kid Blast"), began a rebellion in the Brooklyn fief of the late Joseph Profaci. After a two-year war and at least nine murders, Joseph Colombo took over the Profaci organization. Again last year, the Gallos tried to move in on Colombo's gambling operations. They also opposed Colombo's Italian-American Civil Rights League. Before last summer's rally, Gallo's men moved through the Italian neighborhoods in Brooklyn ordering shopkeepers to remain open on Unity Day and stay away from Columbus Circle.

Then, two weeks ago, came Joey Gallo's murder. The immediate assumption was that Colombo forces had taken their revenge. The war was on. Early on the day of Gallo's funeral, a Colombo lieutenant named Gennaro



Ciprio left his restaurant in Brooklyn and walked toward his car. He stopped three bullets, apparently fired by a rooftop sniper, and died in a pool of blood on the sidewalk. Investigators say that Ciprio was probably killed because he was spying on the Colombos for the Gallos.

Four other men attached to the Mob were hit. Bruno Carnevale, a "soldier" in the Carlo Gambino family,* was felled by a shotgun blast near his house in Queens Village, and died with \$1,400 still in his pocket. A day later Tommy Ernst, a Staten Island mobster, was fatally wounded. A New Jersey janitor named Frank Ferraro was found in a lower Manhattan parking lot with half his head blown off by a shotgun blast. Hours later Richard Grossman, said to be a credit-card swindler working for the Colombo family, was found in the trunk of a car in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn. He, too, had been shot in the head with a shotgun.

Carlo's War. The Colombo-Gallo war was directly involved only in the Ciprio killing. Yet all of the assassinations had been specifically approved by leaders in the Gambino family. Although neither the Colombos nor the Gallos seemed to be aware of it, the Gambinos were deliberately promoting the war, approving executions in order to fan the flames and encourage the Colombos and Gallos to kill one another off. Eventually, 73-year-old Carlo Gam-



Two victims executed during gang violence that followed Joey Gallo's assassination in Manhattan clam house.

bino hopes, the war will leave him in undisputed control of four of the five New York Families. The holdout would be the Bonanno family, run by Natale Evola, which controls trucking and narcotics rackets in Manhattan. The other clans are the Lucchese gang, run by Carmine Tramunti; the Genovese family, bossed by Jerry Catena; and the Gallos and Colombos (see chart, page 46).

Already the Gambinos are so strong that none of the other 19 Mafia clans across the nation dare to challenge them. If the Gambino family literally buried its opposition in New York, then Carlo Gambino could, if he wished, control the entire national rackets combine of La Cosa Nostra. He might become what the Mafia calls *capo di tutti capi*—boss of all bosses. The job has been vacant since Salvatore Maranzano was assassinated in 1931.

It would be a long-awaited accession for Gambino, a soft-spoken, courtly man who came to the U.S. in 1921 as a stowaway from Palermo, Sicily. In a brotherhood where "respect" is

*A family, in New York Mafia usage, is a gang of from 75 to 1,000 men, all of Italian descent, who are bound by a loyalty oath of blood and fire and organized into regiments, or squads, under the command of *capos*, who in turn take their orders from the underboss and the boss. Family members are often but not necessarily related by blood.

BEHAVIOR

achieved by assassination, there is a strong caste system. For years the Gambinos were disdained by the other Mafia families. Gangsters called them "the degenerates" because Carlo married his first cousin and his brother Paul married another cousin. There were a number of stories that neither Carlo nor Paul had ever killed anyone—which is ample reason for them to be held in contempt—and both were suspected of sitting out the Castellammarese war, tending their bootleg stills instead of shooting their enemies.

But the Gambinos emerged almost unscathed from the post-Apalachin in-

vestigations and gang wars that drained the strength of the other clans. More important, a new strongman arose in the Gambino family to function as Carlo's underboss: Aniello Dellacroce (literally, "little lamb of the cross"). A throwback to the Syndicate's more flamboyant days, Dellacroce, 58, keeps a hunting lodge in Canada, a beach house in Miami, and several mistresses. He also possesses a fund of brutal expertise learned when he was one of Albert Anastasia's principal hired assassins.

One report has it that it was the Gambinos, not the Gallos, who ordered Colombo hit last summer. (Gambino

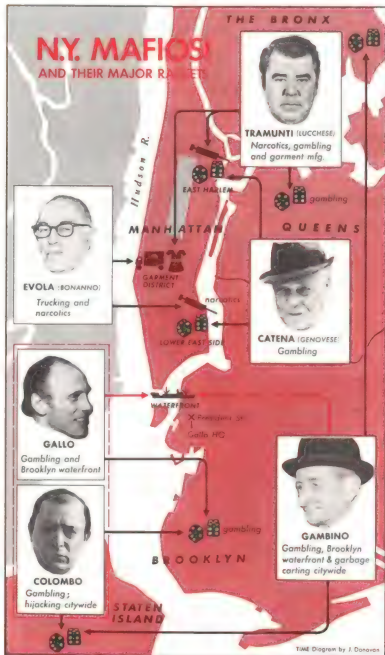
was said to have been angered by the embarrassing publicity Colombo was arousing with his civil rights league.) At the same time, the Gambinos had a "contract" out on Gallo—although it is not clear yet who finally killed him. (A contract, which may or may not involve a fee, is a boss's official sanction for an execution.) Now, to complete a Machiavellian circle, the Gambinos are supplying both the Colombos and the Gallos with new guns and ammunition to escalate their war.

"Going to the mattresses" is a tradition of Mafia warfare, a tactic like lifting the drawbridge in a medieval Italian castle town. Last week about 20 members of the Gallo mob were dug in near Joey's old headquarters, a store front on Brooklyn's President Street, just across the street from the redoubt they occupied during the 1961-62 Gallo-Profaci war. If they have followed their practice from those days, they have nailed chicken wire over the windows, to prevent hand grenades from being lobbed in. In such campaigns, security is tight. Sentries are posted on nearby streets to watch for strangers in the neighborhood. The food brought in to feed the garrison is checked for poison.

The commander now is the sole surviving Gallo brother, Albert. Says an acquaintance of the family: "They are all scared to death." Even though their position is now mainly defensive, the Gallos have put out contracts for the deaths of three enemies: 1) Alphonse ("Alley Boy") Persico, the Colombo war chieftain; 2) Nick Bianco, a New England gangster whom the Gallos want killed because he arranged the treaty that ended the Gallo-Profaci war ten years ago while Joey was in jail; and 3) Joe Yacovelli, a Colombo *cupo*. The Gallos believe that Yacovelli had a hand in Joey's murder.

Leniency. The New York police share that suspicion and are hoping to find Yacovelli before the Gallos do. But there are other suspects, including Carmine DeBiase, a member of the Mafia family headed by the late Vito Genovese. By decree of the Gambinos, the Gallo contract was "wide open"—meaning that any executioner from any family could kill him and have the backing of the Gambinos. The Gallos think, however, that two Colombo men killed Joey: one of them, Rocco Miraglia, seems to fit the description of the assassin. Besides, Gallo's men recall that a few months ago during an argument on President Street, Joey threw Miraglia out of a second-story window.

It seems that the Gambinos, at least, are certain who the killer was. Being perfectionists in the techniques of homicide, they are said to have convened their own court of inquiry into Gallo's death. They charged that the execution was a near-botch, an untidy, saloon-style shootout in which the gunman managed to kill Gallo only by sheer luck. The "defense" argued that because



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Gallo and his bodyguard were unexpectedly not facing the door, the assassin had to open fire before he was sure which of the two was Gallo. The Gambinos, in a rare display of leniency, let the killer off with a reprimand.

The Colombo forces are said to have taken up battle stations in an apartment house on Brooklyn's Fifth Avenue. They have contracts out on two Gallo commanders: Albert Gallo and Frank ("Punchy") Illiano, who is now in charge of provisions for the Gallo fortress.

Patrols. No one knows how long the war will last. Traditionally, going to the mattresses has meant undertaking not only defense but also street patrols and forays to pick off enemy soldiers. The ranks of the badly outnumbered Gallos would be disastrously thinned if they lost as few as a half dozen men. Yet they have wartime experience that the Colombos lack. Before a Mob *Götterdämmerung* ensues, however, both the Gallos and Colombos may realize that their feud is merely part of Carlo Gambino's larger design.

Americans tend to regard Mafia wars with detachment and even titillation. There are even those who think that the killing has a salutary effect. The New York *Daily News*, for one, editorialized rather glibly last week: "We cannot help feeling that these killings are ridding society of some characters who won't be missed sorely, if at all, and are saving police, prosecutors and courts a lot of work and taxpayers a lot of money." It is rare, after all, that the

innocent get caught in the crossfire.

But Ralph Salerno, a former New York City policeman and an expert on the Mafia, believes that the Mob killings could take a more ominous turn. "The gangsters do have rules about murders," he says. "There are rules against killing law-enforcement officials. Other rules forbid killing reporters. But if society does nothing about gang slayings, the gangsters may decide to change the rules and hit anybody who gets in their way. Remember, the rules are theirs—not ours."

There are other rules that, strictly observed, keep the Syndicate a tightly knit network closed to outsiders and so efficient that its activities—legal and illegal—are estimated to bring in more than \$30 billion a year. The strength of the Mafia is based less on the corporate structure of a criminal organization than on the social organization of Sicily and southern Italy, whence most of the Mafiosi spring. There, notes Sociologist Francis Ianni, the rule of law is replaced by a social structure that is regulated by a code: each man must protect the family's honor and avenge any sulling of that honor. The code, says Ianni, is "an integrative behavioral system which binds families to each other throughout each village and town in a ritualistic web difficult for the southern Italian to escape but just as difficult for the non-Italian to understand."

Thus, to the Mafia, even murder is not ab-



Joe Colombo after being shot.

horrent if it advances the fortunes of the family or wipes out a blot on its honor. "It's just business," killers in *The Godfather* explain to rivals whose friends and relatives they have machine-gunned or garroted to death. Not only that, but it is business with honor, and takes precedence over the law. Inside his family, says Ianni, the Mafioso is "highly moral and self-sacrificing." But outside, he recognizes no ethical force. Family members, as in Sicily, are bound together by "the web of kinship, of the participants at the famous Apalachin meeting, almost half were related by blood or marriage." Within that web, which is really "a pattern of social obligation that has more permanence than religion," favors become obligations and wrongs become "debts which demand redress."

So enduring is the web of kinship that only two things can alter it. One is the American value system, which is causing the Old World family structure to crumble and is weakening some of the once-powerful crime dynasties. According to Historian Humbert Nelli, the Mafiosi's respect for authority—a trait that used to cement loyalties—is decaying. For this reason, more and more Mafiosi are deciding to go straight. In one Mafia family that Ianni studied, only four out of 27 fourth-generation Italian-Americans are connected with organized crime. Of the remaining 23, one is a university professor, and all the rest are doctors, lawyers or legitimate businessmen.

The other force for change in the Mafia is less subtle. It is what Ianni calls "drastic action"—the kind being carried out on the streets of New York.



Murder Inc. calling card. Al Capone. Scene of St. Valentine's Day massacre.



For a discussion of the psychology of murder, see Essay, page 54.



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Psychology of Murder

FOR all its sinister drama, the Mafia's bloodletting accounts for only an insignificant fraction of the killings that occur every year in the U.S. The rising toll sometimes seems to validate H. Rap Brown's mordant dictum: "Violence is as American as cherry pie." In 1970 there were 16,000 criminal homicides in the nation—one every 33 minutes. With the carnage mounting—up 8% from the previous year and 76% over the decade—the U.S. is maintaining its long-held, unhappy distinction of leading advanced Western nations in the rate at which its citizens destroy one another. Philadelphia, for example, with a population of 2,000,000, has the same number of homicides annually as all of England, Scotland and Wales (pop. 54 million).

This murderous pre-eminence, fostered by the nation's longstanding habit of violence, occurs against a background of street crime, political assassination and an almost obsessive violence in movies and television. It has led many behavioral scientists to begin talking about a national "crisis of violence." In the U.S., warns Psychiatrist Thomas Bittker, "violence is practiced as if it were productive." It may have been so for the Stone Age hunter of mammoths, but in the era of H-bombs it is not only non-productive but distinctly suicidal. Man has become so dangerous to himself that his continued existence has been called into doubt.

Saul Bellow's Mr. Sammler reflected gloomily that killing is "one of the luxuries. No wonder that princes had so long reserved the right to murder with impunity." Yet there has always been a democracy of homicide. Ever since Cain slew Abel, murder has been a classless crime. The East Harlem father who hurls his children from the roof is paralleled across the Hudson in the affluent New Jersey suburbs: a West-field insurance salesman named John List was indicted last winter on a charge of shooting his wife, mother and three children and ranging four of the bodies side by side in his mansion's empty ballroom.

Although murder is

*Varieties of violence:
Prelude to wife shooting.
Murder by hanging, Girl,
17, blinded by robber.*



part of the fabric of history, it has assumed an alarming quality in America today. It is a new truism that violence has become what sex used to be, the object of morbid fascination. A sort of blind Mansonism hangs in the air—an incomprehensible glorification of death and destruction.

However common it has become, murder is still the crime committed by others: men and women dissociate themselves from murderers by assuming that all killers are psychotic. But most are not. Psychiatrists do not know precisely how those who have killed are different from those who have not. In contrast to the Mafia's business killing, for example, murder among laymen is generally a very personal matter. In three out of four cases, the murderer and victim know each other; in one out of four, they are related by blood or marriage. An estimated five out of six killers are men, and 60% of murderers are blacks—as are 55% of victims. In 1970, 43% of the suspects arrested for homicide were under 25; 10% were younger than 18. Nearly half (45%) of all killings occurred in the South, which has about 30% of the nation's population. But the murder rate was highest in big cities: 17.5 murders for every 100,000 inhabitants, compared with 6.4 in rural areas and only 3.8 in the suburbs.

The sheer availability of firearms is undoubtedly a stimulus to murder. There are perhaps 115 million privately owned guns in the U.S., almost one for every male between 14 and 65. Indeed, guns are used in 65% of all U.S. killings. Twenty percent of the victims are dispatched by knife, while poison is rarely used. In Manhattan, there have been two recent cases of murder by bow and arrow, and some years ago another New Yorker attempted murder by rattlesnake. As Princess Sita observed in *Ramayana*, the ancient Indian epic of nonviolence: "The very bearing of weapons enchaineth the mind of those that carry them."

Most nonprofessional killings are impulsive—done in a flash of anger triggered by a minor insult or a quarrel over money, love or sex. Many are committed by people who, Sociologist Stuart Palmer says, "tend to be overcoming most of the time"—which may help to explain their extreme violence when their rebellious impulses finally break out. Often

the killer does not intend to kill; in at least 20% of the cases, he is acting in self-defense.

Sometimes murder can be indirect, an act that Psychoanalyst Joost Meerloo calls psychic homicide: consciously or unconsciously, the murderer pushes someone into suicide. Meerloo cites an engineer who had struggled "all his life with a harsh, domineering and alcoholic father." On a final visit, he took along a bottle of barbiturates, suggesting that they could "cure" his father's addiction. In combination with alcohol, the prescription was fatal.

The impulse to murder seems to be universal, but the reasons that men and women yield to it are as varied and mysterious as human history. To most psychiatrists, murder usually implies a defect in the killer's ego. Sometimes, of course, the motive appears to be nothing more complicated than the desire for material gain. In family murders, a frequent motive is the killer's conviction that no one, not even his wife, understands him. Says Psychiatrist Frederick Melges: "He may expect empathy without communicating his feelings. Paradoxically, attempts at communication may lead to the discovery that the partner does not understand." If that happens, he may feel embittered, deserted and alone, and may strike out in sudden rage at the thwarting of his expecta-

continued



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1. With dictating equipment, you can cut the time it takes to get correspondence out by more than 25 per cent. That's because you can dictate to a machine faster than you can dictate to your secretary. And because your secretary doesn't have to spend time taking down dictation. (Mind you, we're not even considering what could happen if you're now writing out your own



to get a business letter out the door, of things about dictating equipment.

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2. Sure, dictating equipment takes some getting used to. But not nearly as much as you've tried. Especially IBM dictating equipment. You operate it with the flick of a switch. Make corrections with the flick of a switch. And we not only show your people how to live with it comfortably, we will install our desk or personal units for a trial

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Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

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Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

**Dewar's
never
varies.**



The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

tions. A number of criminals. Psychiatrist George Solomon believes, "feel that the only attention they can evoke is punishment," and for them "murder may be a way to be killed." Long before being convicted of murdering his landlady, whom he liked, a New York sculptor named Robert Irwin told a psychiatrist: "I was going to kill somebody so that I would be hung."

Even this crime is less terrifying than what Poet Robert Penn Warren calls "blank, anonymous murder," the motiveless, gratuitous atrocity. In Warren's words: "An old man on a park bench reading his papers, smoking his morning cigar, is dead suddenly because some kid decided to kill him." These days, says Theodore Solotaroff, editor of *New American Review*, "a kind of anarchic murder is in the air."

Anarchic murder is not new. It occurred during the European plague epidemics of the 16th century, when hooligans plundered at will, sometimes cutting the throats of the sick. It was common during the Thirty Years War in the 17th century, when troops ravaged the countryside indiscriminately. New or old, wanton slaughter recalls the question posed by Nietzsche's red judge: "Why did this criminal murder?" Nietzsche's reply: "His soul wanted blood; he thirsted after the bliss of the knife."

Not many contemporary thinkers would accept this view of man as essentially savage. True, Freud once believed that human beings are born with an aggressive instinct and that "the aim of all life is death," but he later abandoned the idea. Currently, Ethologist Konrad Lorenz insists that aggression and violence are inevitable because they were bred into man by natural selection during prehistoric times. But there is widespread disagreement with this theory. Psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, for example, considers the Lorenz view "nonsense," calling it "not explanation but rationalization."

Frustration frequently touches off aggressive behavior. It can take many forms, and often arises from a feeling of physical, social or intellectual inferiority. It can also result from physical and psychological brutality inflicted during childhood. Describing one parental attack, a mother told Sociologist Palmer, "I thought the boy was done for. His father knocked him from one end of the house to another like a man gone insane." Observes Palmer: "Perhaps it was coincidence, perhaps it was not. But when he was 24, that same boy beat to death a man 30 years older than himself."

Sometimes the frustration that fires aggression is highly impersonal. Yale Psychoanalyst Robert Jay Lifton links at least some violence to general frustration, anger and anxiety over countless "little deaths"—the failure of national morality, the breakdown of family life and feelings of alienation in a mobile population. Boredom, too, drives people to look for meaning in nihilistic violence, to accept the philosophy "I kill, therefore I am."

Most behavioral scientists believe that aggressive behavior is learned, often by observation, and some are convinced that violence on TV fosters violent behavior in both children and adults. Along with eleven other researchers who carried out studies for the U.S. Surgeon General, Psychologist Robert Liebert asserts that, for healthy as well as disturbed children, "a clear and important link has been shown between TV violence and aggressive behavior." As for the theory that watching TV violence drains off the viewer's own savage impulses, Political Scientist Ithiel de Sola Pool maintains that "if there is any kind of cathartic effect, it is swamped

by the incitement effect." A few experts consider the TV-violence controversy something of a red herring. "Even if we did away with all the violence on TV we would have solved nothing," says Psychoanalyst Ner Litterer. "There is no such thing as a single simple cause or a single simple solution. Searching for scapegoats allows us to avoid facing the problem of why we are violent, and also postpones the solution."

In the opinion of many behavioral scientists, historians and philosophers, the Viet Nam War, more than any previous conflict, has helped to foster violence at home. One evidence of the war's impact is indicated by a recent national survey of attitudes toward the Calley case. According to Harvard Psychologist Herbert Kelman, many Americans regard Lieut. Calley's behavior at My Lai as normal. That suggests, Kelman concludes, that an alarmingly large segment of the population might be willing to employ extreme violence if ordered to do so.

Even more ominous is the trend toward the philosophical and artistic glorification of violence and death. Following Sartre, many young people believe that "violence is man re-creating himself," and that savagery is a kind of purifying force bearing, as Historian Richard Hofstadter puts it, "the promise of redemption." Murder has always been a central theme in the arts. There were killings (off-stage) in the Greek theater. The Shakespearean stage was often littered with bodies by the fifth act. As early as the 19th century, American writers like Melville and Poe were beginning to show what Historian David Davis had called "undisguised sympathy for sublime murders and amoral supermen moved by demonic urges." That sympathy seems to have deepened recently, especially among movie directors. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. speaks of "a pornography of violence," and Critic Pauline Kael complains that "at the movies, they are desensitizing us." She objects to a film like *Straw Dogs* because it equates violence and masculinity. Few psychiatrists would argue with her. Nor would they disagree with critics who object that filmed violence has become the ultimate trip, the stimulus for mind-blowing sensations wilder than any induced by LSD.

Some behavioral scientists, philosophers and aestheticians believe that violence in the arts is not bad *per se* and that it may, in fact, be the best means of inspiring a horror of violence. Brutality in films, asserts Robert Lifton, "can illuminate and teach us about our relationship to violence." The *Godfather*, he believes, provides that kind of illumination by brilliantly contrasting the Corleone family's sunny private life and its brutally dark professional life. Critic Robert Hatch rejects that view, calling the movie "a chronicle of corruption, savage death and malignant sentimentality" that wreaks harm by forcing the viewer "to take sides in a situation that is totally without moral substance." It was chilling, he says, "to hear an audience roar its approval when a young gangster on 'our' side blew the brains out of two gangsters on 'their' side."

That easy empathy with cinema slayings, together with a growing tolerance of real-life brutality, suggests a dismaying conclusion: beneath the surface, Americans may be less alarmed by murder—and more attracted to it—than they care to admit. Just as an individual must become aware of his problems before they can be solved, the nation, too, will have to acknowledge its unhealthy fascination with murder as the first step toward coming to terms with it.

■ Virginia Adams



Youngsters enjoying mock combat.

EDUCATION

If Not Busing, What?

For all its political appeal, President Nixon's proposed busing moratorium raises troubling questions for the nation's educators. Since 1954 they have been guided by the U.S. Supreme Court's historic ruling that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." Last month, amid the latest uproar over busing, Nixon proposed that Congress prohibit new busing and concentrate \$2.5 billion on improving inferior schools. Apart from constitutional dilemmas, the Nixon stand immediately reopened two hard questions:

► Can substantial school integra-

tion be achieved without more busing? for Civil Rights, found that 19 districts operating in 1970-71 under court orders to integrate had to increase the number of pupils bused to school by only 9%.

Another, financed by HEW and released after Nixon spoke, found that substantial integration—even in large cities like Cleveland—can be accomplished by redrawing school-attendance zones; little additional busing would be necessary. That study, by the Lambda Corp., a technical research firm in Arlington, Va., assumed that no school-bus trip should take more than 35 minutes after the last child is picked up. The Lambda report also assumed that

regation, people put together plans that were highly inefficient, involving more busing than was necessary."

Pugh claimed that the report's generalized conclusions are loosely applicable to all 29 urban areas studied (among them: Atlanta, Denver and San Francisco), though detailed analyses for each have not been completed. In one "typical" but unnamed city of 1,000,000, which already buses 22% of its elementary school students, the Lambda researchers found that assigning three-fourths of the black students to predominantly white schools would require only a 2% or 3% increase in busing.

No Way. Nixon's moratorium, however, would not permit even that, for the real issue is not busing but white fears of integration. As a last resort, the Nixon policy would permit the courts to order busing, but only for children above the sixth grade and only as a five-year expedient while other ways of achieving racial balance were worked out. As alternatives to new busing the President proposed: 1) redrawing attendance zones, 2) building new schools convenient to both black and white neighborhoods, or 3) establishing high-quality "magnet" schools to make integration more attractive.

Actually, applying the Nixon alternatives would often require some increase in the number of children bused to school. Attendance lines have been redrawn annually in Manhattan, for example, but because the white public



GOING HOME IN BROOKLYN

tion be achieved without more busing?

► Can racially separate schools be made equal at any price?

To be sure, Nixon did not rule out all busing. About 40% of U.S. schoolchildren would continue riding the ubiquitous yellow machines, most for reasons of distance, not race. Thus a city like Boston, which sends 85% of its students to high school by bus or public transportation and maintains *de facto* school segregation (TIME, April 3), probably could integrate with no increase in busing—not that it wants to. Small towns where all children walk to school could balance schools racially by following the example of Westfield, N.J., which integrated its schools simply by reassigning blacks to white schools and hiring three new crossing guards to get them there safely. But Boston and Westfield are hardly typical. New Jersey education authorities, for example, estimate they could racially balance schools in 36 districts without new busing, but they could not do so in the 15 largest cities, where up to three-fourths of the state's nonwhite schoolchildren live. The situation is similar in other densely populated states.

But this new busing would not necessarily mean the "massive busing" that most Americans assume integration would require; increasing evidence demonstrates that it is needed only in rare cases. One study, by HEW's Office



TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY PUPILS RIDING TROLLEY TO WASHINGTON SCHOOL

Several years—at least—of frustration.

existing school-district lines would be retained, except in cities where a white majority in the city schools could be achieved only by exchanging students with nearby suburbs.* Even then, little new busing would be required. Researchers fed census figures, road maps, busing schedules and other data into a computer. They found, says Project Director George E. Pugh, that "in most cases where the courts ordered deseg-

regation, people put together plans that were highly inefficient, involving more busing than was necessary."

school population borough-wide is so low, next year all but one of its eight academic high schools will have 80% or higher nonwhite enrollments. Some 35 U.S. cities are setting up or planning magnet schools by building educational parks, large central campuses to which all of a district's pupils would travel, many by bus. John Ito, civil rights adviser to Los Angeles County schools, can list 14 different desegregation techniques, but notes that each requires some additional busing. Says Ito: "A busing moratorium would prevent integration from taking place. There is just no way around that fact."

Without busing, the only real solution is neighborhood integration, which

*The 15 largest U.S. cities with nonwhite majorities in their schools are: Washington, 96% black or Spanish-speaking; Newark, 88%; San Antonio, 79%; New Orleans, 73%; Oakland, 73%; Atlanta, 72%; Baltimore, 68%; St. Louis, 68%; Detroit, 67%; Chicago, 65%; Philadelphia, 64%; New York, 62%; Cleveland, 60%; El Paso, 60%; and Birmingham, 57%.

would take years to accomplish even if it were to be adopted as an all-out national goal—and that is unlikely. Since Johns Hopkins Sociologist James Coleman's celebrated study in 1966, all research has suggested that a child's home environment—his family's educational and economic status—has more effect on how well he learns than anything he encounters in school.

Critical Mass. Nevertheless, school integration can accomplish a great deal. Since Coleman's investigation, researchers have verified that poor black children do at least marginally better in white-majority classrooms, presumably because they pick up their middle-class white schoolmates' learning skills and attitudes toward education.

Because home environment and school integration appear to be so important, critics of the Nixon proposals question whether "compensatory education"—extra spending on disadvantaged children—will ever close the learning gap between black and white. Integration does not solve nonwhite children's learning problems, but the research shows that it gets them closer to equal educational opportunity than spending money to improve segregated schools. However, Nixon argues that by focusing \$2.5 billion on those children who need it most, to produce a "critical mass" of \$300, each student's lot will improve markedly. Is the idea sound?

A bewildering array of studies of these Johnson-era programs has failed to prove that compensatory education is the answer to poor schooling. Rand Corp. researchers found that for every study identifying a school program that worked, another equally good study concluded that the same educational practice was ineffective. Nixon acknowledged the confusion two years ago when he told Congress that "the best available evidence indicates that most of the compensatory education programs have not measurably helped poor children catch up." No research since then warrants any other conclusion; the only development since 1970 has been the emergence of busing as a potent political issue.

Weak Evidence. Even the evidence used by Administration officials to back Nixon up was contradictory. HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson cited a report that low-income children read better after going through special programs in 42 California schools. But the study's author, Indiana University Economist Herbert Kiesling, retorts that only disadvantaged children in schools with middle-class student majorities did well on a standard test, and that "if it's an argument for anything, it's an argument for busing." Nixon himself emphasized only one study: a report that 94% of 10,000 California children in special reading programs that cost over \$250 per child gained more than a year in

ability, while those in programs that cost less showed less improvement. However, that survey omitted the ten largest programs in the state. Stanford Education Professor Michael Kirst, who serves as a HEW adviser, calls it "a loosely done, uncontrolled study" with "very weak findings," and concludes: "The Administration is picking any straws it can gather." A. Harry Passow, a Columbia educationist, is only slightly more sanguine about compensatory education. "If you spend money properly, it can help," he says. "But it can help more if you integrate."

The Nixon busing moratorium may well serve the President's short-term political need, but it may already have irretrievably damaged the cause of integration and better education for black and Spanish-speaking children. Even if the bill fails in Congress, it will have discouraged imaginative initiatives. And if it passes, Acting Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst told the House Judiciary Committee last week, it could reopen every school desegregation case already decided. Says Passow of the President: "He's wiping out 18 years of efforts to integrate and making everyone who has worked toward desegregation look like a goddamned fool." That is a bitter view, but plainly those who believe that education must include close contact with other races are in for several years—at least—of discouragement and frustration.

Carlton. Lowest in "tar" of all regular filter kings tested by U.S. Government.

4 mg. "tar."



4 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 71

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157

Take the Kids Along

Touring Europe with youngsters can be very much like running a herd of piglets through a china shop: catastrophes may lurk on every side, and there always seems to be an enormous bill waiting at the end. But it need not be that way, according to Leila Hadley, whose *Fielding's Guide to Traveling with Children in Europe** has just begun to appear in bookstores. "Traveling with children," says Author Hadley, "can be as easy and inexpensive—and far more rewarding—than traveling without them." And, she adds, "It is certainly infinitely preferable to not traveling at all."

To help make the trip even more rewarding, Mrs. Hadley has updated and supplemented the original version of her guide, published in 1963. Among the new findings, for example, are department stores in Switzerland that offer nurseries where a mother can leave the children while she shops. A typical Hadley tidbit: "Your 5-10s might prefer the whoop-de-doo Jelmoli's (in Zurich)," which offers a snack, a run in a model train, a marionette show, a carousel ride. She has also discovered that there are several new French hotels where children can be left on their own. These hotels are "dedicated to reliable loving care for a day, night, week or longer." One is the *Botel* near Paris, "which looks like a dollhouse château" and has playground equipment, a pony stable, a nurse and young governesses.

Still more valuable to parents, however, is the staple information on how to find baby food, baby sitters, juvenile

*Fielding Publications, in association with William Morrow & Co. Inc. \$7.95

U.S. MOTHER & CHILDREN IN LONDON



PAI - THE OCEAN

WESTGATE OFFICE
BANK OF MARRIN
San Rafael, California 94903

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CHILDREN & DOG ON CALIFORNIA BANK'S INDIVIDUALIZED CHECK
A gorilla gazing Hamlet-like at a skull.

friends and pen pals, or how to turn out pediatricians at unlikely hours of the night: "If your three-year-old munches Daddy's deodorant stick, the Anti-Poison Center of Brussels will find the antidote and give you advice before the doctor comes." There are practical warnings against Spain's paper diapers (they disintegrate) and Scotland's tasteless attempts at American food. There is even advice on the inevitable problem of finding a bathroom for a child caught short. "With the exception of the British Isles and The Netherlands," reports Author Hadley, "it's the field, the bush, the woods. No one seems to get very uptight."

The author's material is drawn largely from her own travel observations, which began in 1949 when she and her first child (a son, then aged four) set off for Europe. Since then, she and her son, plus three children born later, have visited 37 countries. 18 of them in Europe. Along the way she did encounter a few perils, however, which she reveals in the new guide. One was in Amsterdam, where "ladies of the night are illuminated in red neon in ground-floor showcases in many narrow streets. I don't quite know how you explain this to children." She suggests, hopefully, that the children may not notice, then adds, "If they do, I hope this will serve as a cautionary note to preserve your cool."

Overdrawn Accounts

To cater to the individual tastes of their customers, banks have long printed checks in a wide spectrum of colors. More recently some have begun to offer checks with floral or scenic backgrounds. Now the modest-sized Bank of Marin in Marin County, Calif., has gone one step further. Its customers can simply bring in their own photograph or drawing and have them printed onto a standard check form.

Undeterred by the higher cost (\$4.95 for 200 as opposed to \$2.95 for the conventional kind), more than 500 customers have already signed up for the illustrated checks. Most of them have selected pictures of their families or pets to adorn their checks, but some have seized the opportunity for more

imaginative self-expression. A Chinese customer, for instance, ordered checks illustrated with a portrait of Chairman Mao. An advertising executive displays a photograph of himself seated on a soapbox, while another patron adorns his checks with a bottle of his favorite whisky. The manager of a San Rafael branch of the bank uses enigmatic checks that show a gorilla gazing Hamlet-like at a skull. "I'm not sure what it means," he admits.

Perhaps the most imaginative—and vindictive—customer so far is the one who ordered special checks to be used solely for making his alimony payments. They show him beatifically kissing his new wife.

Buryin' Walt

Mr. Joyboy, Evelyn Waugh's macabre cosmetician in *The Loved One*, would be proud of Captain Walter Brubaker. A new California state law permits cremated remains to be buried in the ocean or scattered at sea level, supplanting the old law that required a loved one's ashes to be scattered from an altitude of at least 5,000 ft. A retired Navy captain with a keen eye for commerce, Brubaker converted his 50-ft. luxury fishing boat into a seaworthy hearse. He listed himself in the San Diego Yellow Pages as the "City and County Burial at Sea Service" and waited for the customers.

To make his services even more attractive, Captain Brubaker engaged in a bit of huckstering. As a sort of twist on Marryin' Sam's gimmicks in *Li'l Abner*, he advertised that he would tailor his services to suit the family's taste. They may have rock, Rachmaninoff or *Anchors Aweigh* if they so choose.

Brubaker's routine is to pick up the ashes of the loved one himself and escort the bereaved aboard his yacht. (The fish-bait tank seemed an insurmountable embarrassment until Brubaker shrewdly camouflaged it as a catalpa.) After the service is rendered beyond the three-mile limit, the deceased is solemnly committed to the deep—from the stern. "If the ashes were dropped from either side," Brubaker explains, "they might blow back into the boat."



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When automakers came up with the idea of protecting motorists with a steel beam inside the door, it was a big step. But one good step often starts another. Wouldn't a stronger steel in the beam mean even more protection?

Armco engineers found an answer in their new GAINEX® Steel that provides 30 to 40% more strength, without a premium price. The idea of using GAINEX was checked through the computer. Then a GAINEX Steel beam was installed in a door and crushed. Test results were reported to the auto makers, and the next step could be a stronger protective beam of Armco GAINEX in the door of your next car.

It's another example of how new Armco Materials are ready to pay off for our customers and for you. Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices, Middletown, Ohio 45042.





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green lights
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Will your car start when you want it to start?



Chrysler Corporation's new Electronic Ignition has been proved in a million miles of street and highway driving and 35,000 miles of NASCAR driving.

Starting your car depends on a lot of things working properly. Battery, carburetor and spark plugs among others. Another important contributor to good starts is the ignition system. And Chrysler's new Electronic Ignition offers some advantages that could make the difference between starting and not starting.

Up to 35% more voltage at starting. Every time you start your car with this new Electronic Ignition, you get a dependable voltage to fire your spark plugs, as much as 35% greater than conventional systems.

No points to wear out. No condenser to replace.

This reduces tune-up costs. It also eliminates a major cause of misfiring, and because of this reduction in misfiring, emissions are significantly reduced.

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Electronic Ignition is reliable, accurate and virtually maintenance free. And it's available on most Chrysler Corporation car engines and on some models of Dodge trucks for 1972.

Proved reliable in over a million test miles. There were no failures in 1,000,000 miles of highway and street driving. And in 35,000 grueling race-track miles of NASCAR competition driving, new Electronic Ignition worked every time.

It's the same care in engineering that brings you Unibody for all-around strength and torsion-bar suspension for smooth riding and handling.

After all, we want you happy with your new Dodge, Plymouth or Chrysler car from the day you buy it until you buy your next one. See your dealer now.

You take extra care, too. Buckle up. Use seat and shoulder belts.



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Dead End

To the coroner's jury that had heard eight days of testimony, it was a "gross technical error." To Dr. Jean-Paul Drouin, 50, of Ottawa's Montfort Hospital, it was a "complication." To three of Drouin's surgical patients, it meant slow, painful death.

The operation in question, a modification of one devised in 1912 for controlling incurable metabolic disorders, is chancy at best. It is based on the fact that shortening the digestive tract cuts down on caloric absorption, enabling excessively overweight people to shed pounds regardless of how much they eat. To perform it, the surgeon severs the small intestine near the end of the jejunum, or second section, and connects it to the ileum just above the beginning of the colon. This in turn reduces the length of the active small intestine from 23 feet to a mere 30 inches, drastically lessening the time it takes for food to pass through the system. This reduces the amount of digested material that can be absorbed through the intestinal walls.

Liaison Lack. Drouin had already performed 59 such operations when he scheduled three more patients in one 24-hour period last May. During the 90-minute operations, Drouin apparently became confused. Working "up to his elbows," as he put it later, he mixed up the different clamps he used to mark the ends of the bypassed small intestine. As a result, he hooked the ileum to the colon, connected the end of the small intestine to the jejunum (see diagram).

Drouin had dead-ended the digestive system, creating a closed tract that could only be emptied by vomiting. One patient, a 32-year-old truck driver who weighed 385 lbs., choked on his own vomit and died nine days after the operation. When an autopsy revealed the reason, Drouin brought the other patients, two sisters who weighed nearly



OTTAWA SURGEON DROUIN
Up to his elbows.

300 lbs. each, back into the hospital for corrective surgery. It was too late: both women had already developed abdominal infections and other complications; both died.

The deaths, and the ensuing inquest, joined the Canadian medical community. Drouin now faces an investigation by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, which has the power to revoke medical licenses. After hearing hospital personnel tell about missing reports and erroneous or unkept records, the coroner's jury cited the Montfort Hospital for a "considerable lack of liaison between the various departments" and urged it to adopt better administrative practices. It also heard testimony about other patients' postoperative problems (one woman told of an overwhelming though inexplicable desire to eat mud) which raised new doubts about weight-loss surgery.

Most doctors agree that the oper-

ation should be attempted only in rare cases complicated by such problems as high blood pressure or diabetes. Dr. J. Howard Payne of Los Angeles County-University of Southern California Medical Center regards it only as a last resort for the "morbidly obese"; he has performed 180 of the bowel bypasses and lost five patients since 1956. He has declined to operate on thousands of others.

Dr. Peter Salmon of the University of Alberta, who has lost five of his 120 patients, announced that he would do no more bypasses until all data on their value have been thoroughly reviewed. Officials at Ottawa Civic Hospital, meanwhile, stopped all obesity operations nine months ago.

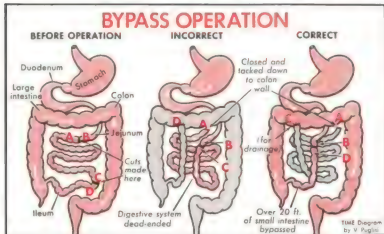
The Ultimate Recall

Ever since Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader first forced them to recognize their responsibilities for their products, manufacturers have regularly recalled such items as automobiles and television sets found to be dangerous or defective. Now General Electric has issued what may well be the ultimate recall: 487 heart pacemakers, almost all of them in the chests of patients.

The device is a relatively recent innovation. Most pacemakers, implanted in the chest muscles under the collarbone, send out electric impulses that actually set the heartbeat rate. But G.E.'s \$850 stand-by, or demand, unit is designed to assist hearts that need only intermittent stimulation. It works only when the patient's heart rate slows below normal. After G.E. received word of a malfunction in one unit, it conducted tests which showed that some of the devices were pacing too rapidly. An unwanted increase in the heart rate reduces the time during which blood remains in the cardiac chambers and prevents the chambers from filling completely. The effect is a kind of circulation insufficiency that burdens an already weak heart and could, if uncorrected, bring on a heart attack.

The defect is not in G.E.'s basic design, but in one of the pacemaker's parts. A subcontractor for one of the unit's circuits changed the cement used in its manufacture, unwittingly choosing one that can transmit electric current. This supplies more power from the built-in battery than is needed and affects the governor on the mechanism.

G.E. keeps a list of surgeons who have ordered the unit, and three weeks ago the company began notifying them quietly of the problem. As far as is known, the error has not yet proved damaging to any patient. But it is proving expensive to the manufacturer and inconvenient to some patients. G.E., which has replaced almost all of the devices, is paying for the substitutions. Replacement involves a 15-minute operation and several days of observation in a hospital at a total price of about \$1,500 per patient.



THE THEATER

The Girls in the Band

SUGAR

Book by PETER STONE

Music by JULE STYNE

Lyrics by BOB MERRILL

This *Sugar* is not organic. It has been so thoroughly processed, refined and filtered that it has lost the natural energy that makes a good musical strong and healthy.

The story line is rather faithfully adapted from the Billy Wilder-I.A.L. Diamond film, *Some Like It Hot*. Two Depression-era musicians (Robert Morse and Tony Roberts) inadvertently witness the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago. Scurrying for cover, they don women's dress and sign on with an all-girl band headed for Miami. Neither Morse nor Roberts tries to be a female impersonator. They are clearly men attempting, with no little difficulty, to masquerade as women. Thus the show relies not on drag jokes but adjustment-crisis humor—how to cope with broken straps on padded bras or keep one's ankles straight on high heels.

Nature's Geometry. What is dated about the humor is the display of rabby virility that Morse and Roberts have to put on, as if women were as deliciously mind-boggling and dangerously inaccessible as Farmer McGregor's lettuce patch. The one who captures Tony Roberts' fancy is Sugar Kane (Elaine Joyce), the band's singer and a lovely tribute to nature's geometry who would have made Euclid blink. *Sugar* is keen on meeting a millionaire. In a twinkling, Roberts returns to manhood. Sprouts a yachting outfit, flashes a *Wall Street Journal* and woos away.

Morse, to his initial dismay, is pur-

sued by a bona fide rich senior gentleman (Cyril Ritchard). As Morse dances with Ritchard, comes to enjoy being courted and finally announces that he is engaged, the show achieves both its most comic and affecting peak. On a high order of miming, virtually à la Marceau, Morse captures the tremor, tenderness, coquettishness and vulnerability of a girl's first love. Morse is an enormously personable stage presence, and he knows it. The trouble is that he gratuitously does twice what he has perfectly done once. He is a child of excess and needs a sterner and more containing director than Gower Champion.

High Gloss. As a choreographer, Champion is admirably disciplined. The execution is flawless, but Champion's dance imagination is rigid. He favors locomotive choreography in which the chorus chug-chug-chugs around and occasionally wigwags its outstretched arms semaphore-fashion. This is fine for motion, but scanty of meaning. The dances could be inserted in another musical, where they would mean no more and no less than they do in *Sugar*.

If hummable songs are a plus, Julie Styne's songs are hummable, though you may not know quite which homogenized number you are humming. As for Bob Merrill's lyrics, they are the labored products of a man hovering over a rhyming dictionary. *Sugar* is almost a textbook case of a musical born after its time. It may well enjoy great wads of audience favor. But in the past three years, *Company* and *Follies* have altered the critical perspective by providing a musical form that is spare, intelligent, ironic, mature and capable of sustaining three-dimensional characters.

This is not to say that the big, old-fashioned musical is irrevocably doomed, but it must have a singular mood, manner and meaning all its own. Otherwise, all that remains, as *Sugar* indicates, is a sterile display of high-gloss techniques.

■ T.E. Kolem

Rags of Honor

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL

by DAVID RABE

A couple of G.I.s popping open beer cans with Mama-san and her whores. Through the bead curtain, a hand lofts a lump of steel. Thump and roll. "Grenade!" Soldier scoops it up, hesitates in stupid disbelief. FLASH! BLAM! So begins—and 140 minutes later, in an almost exact replay, so ends—*The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*. Between these two unanswerable exclamation points, Playwright David Rabe strings the lifeline of the soldier, Pavlo; then on that cord he attempts to hang what he sees as the rags of national



PACINO (KNEELING) IN "PAVLO"
Walking land mine.

honor, bloodied by the Viet Nam War.

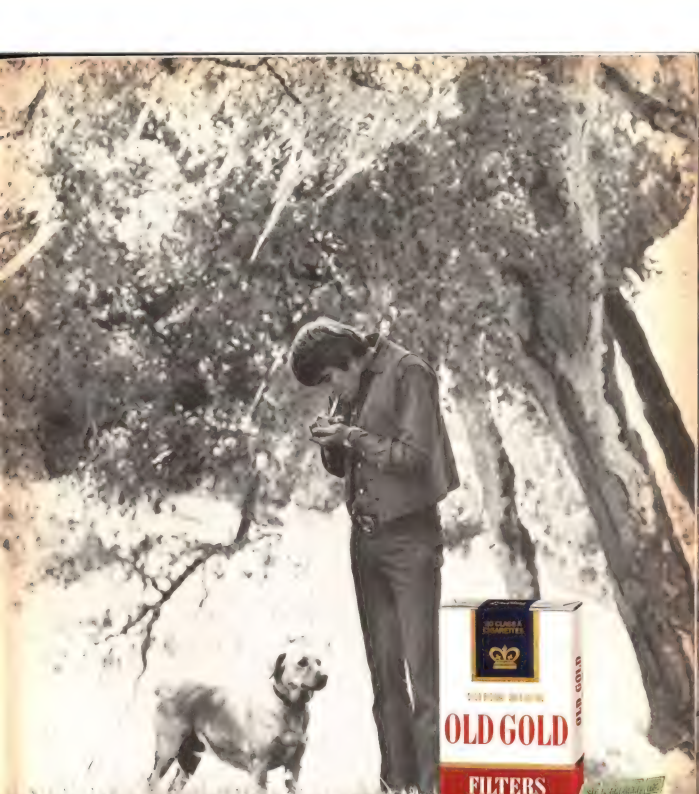
To risk handling pain on that scale is a big gamble, and Rabe is a plunger. *Pavlo* was his first play. (His second work, *Sticks and Bones*, develops related themes of the war's moral crippling in more dimensions.) *Pavlo* opened off-Broadway last year. It is now in a new production by the Theater Company of Boston, with Al Pacino as Pavlo. The twin trajectories of Rabe's fresh talent and Pacino's intersect with concussive impact, splattering the audience with agony and unexpected humor.

Pavlo tells how a Regular Army slob stumbingly pursues through boot camp and battle the mythic promise of the recruiting posters that THE ARMY WILL MAKE A MAN OF YOU! Pacino makes Pavlo a walking antipersonnel device, a Bouncing Betty that chops his foes, and himself, off at the crotch. Pacino's previous roles (most conspicuously, Michael in *The Godfather*) have blazed with a menace that he now transforms into a quivering, infantile bravado, a would-be Lieut. Calley, played for explosive laughs. The only buddy he rescues is a dead one. The only atrocity he achieves is the terrified gunning down of a single old man. The only fight he wins is with another G.I. "Did I do it to him? The Triple Hummel. A little shuffle and then a triple boom, boom, boom!" And then we see that it is the defeated buddy who tosses him that lethal grenade.

The play is an antiwar cartoon, but a good one, and in the tradition that after all goes back to the Greeks. At the end, the dead Pavlo, head propped up in his Army coffin, wearing the tremulous smile of the child who understands his pain at last, explains what it means: "Sheeeeeeeit!" It is the ultimate comment on war and atrocity, and Aristophanes would have laughed, along with the Olympic gods. ■ Horace Judson



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SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

Questioning the Power

The networks . . . represent a concentration of power over American public opinion unknown in history . . . We'd never trust such power in the hands of an elected government. It's time we questioned it in the hands of a small and unelected elite.

—Spiro Agnew, 1969

The Vice President's famous speech in Des Moines, Iowa, was the opening blast in a sustained campaign by the Nixon Administration. Its aim: to chip away at the control exerted by the three major television networks over the programming they carry. That campaign received an uncalculated boost last year when the Federal Communications Commission limited the networks to three hours of evening prime-time programming (leaving 550 local stations across the country to fill the other half-hour with programming of their own). The FCC also barred the networks from acquiring financial interests in outside programs being produced for their use. Last week, in a move that spread consternation and confusion, the Justice Department in effect put the industry on notice that it had not seen anything yet.

Double Action. In federal court in Los Angeles, the department filed three far-reaching antitrust suits against the networks, claiming that they use their control of air time to block "free and open competition in the broadcasting of entertainment programs." Specifically, the department said the networks monopolize prime time with shows and films they own or partly own, thus denying air time to competing producers, distributors and advertisers—or compelling them to give the networks a stake in their shows—and controlling the prices paid for TV rights to feature films.

The intention of the suits, said a spokesman, was twofold: "We want the networks to quit producing their own programs; their own programs obviously have a better chance of getting on the air than somebody else's programs, and that's not fair. And we want them to quit bankrolling or buying syndication rights, or whatever, for outside productions. Obviously those productions have a better chance of getting on the networks too."

Strictly speaking, none of the networks produce more than 10% of their 21 hours per week of prime-time programming. That is, each network buys about 90% of its prime-time shows from independent producers. But the FCC ban on financial interests in these outside productions has never really been effective, and even if it had, the networks could still retain interests in productions that were created before the agency ruled. The suits sought to prohibit all "ownership interests,"

claiming that they applied in substantially more than half the prime-time shows broadcast by the networks. Oddly, the suits cited out-of-date ownership figures from the decade 1957-67 to support that claim.

Whether prime-time shows are network-produced or bought from outside, the networks' function remains the same: they schedule time for the shows, sell advertising for them, then beam them out to local affiliates (who have the option of not carrying them, but do not exercise it frequently). The most ominously unclear aspect of the suits concerned the networks' leeway on program selection and scheduling. Was the Justice Department directly attacking the networks' "control of access" to air time, and therefore their ability to function as networks? The department spokesman insisted that the networks "can decide what goes on and when, as long as their own shows aren't in the competition." But CBS President Robert D. Wood, in a message to affiliates, charged that the department "seeks to transfer control of network schedules, including what programs are put on the air and when, to advertising agencies and motion picture producers," reducing networks to "mere conduits."

NBC and ABC joined CBS in denouncing the suits and vowing to oppose them vigorously in court. All the networks also maintained that the suits, by duplicating FCC rulings in some cases and going far beyond them in others, tended to undermine the authority of the very agency that is responsible for regulation of the industry.

Privately, network executives speculated that political motives may have determined the thrust and timing of the action, which the department conceded had been pending for years. "Is it the ITT case?" asked one, and answered himself: "Possibly it's an attempt to blur that image with this and a slew of other

[antitrust] actions." Another saw the filing of the cases at this particular moment as a symbolic gesture designed to serve as "highly visible proof that the Justice Department is not in bed with big business."

The department went out of its way to emphasize that news, public affairs, and documentary programming were not affected by its complaint. Yet if the suits succeeded, the networks will lose substantial revenues from the shows they produce or hold rights to. That in turn could curtail the budgets of news and public affairs shows, and make an already nervous industry even more wary of the Administration.

Hackman Connection

It was the year of the Tramp in the Academy Awards. With the little fellow's creator, Charlie Chaplin, on hand for his honorary Oscar, the rest of the usual inanity was almost bearable. In its professional judgments, the Academy showed an unforgivable lapse: neither John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* nor Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* collected a single Oscar. The acting awards, on the other hand, were highly plausible. Most striking was Jane Fonda's citation as Best Actress for her portrayal of a call girl in *Klute*, showing that Hollywood is no longer totally hysterical about off-screen ventures in radical politics. Most popular—short of the cheering, weeping ovation for Chaplin—was Gene Hackman's Best Actor award for his performance as a narcotics cop in *The French Connection*, proving what all actors yearn to believe: a nice, hard-working guy can still get ahead in the movies on his merits. TIME Correspondent Roland Flamini interviewed Hackman in Los Angeles and sent this report:

When Gene Hackman was a young man just out of the Marines, he "slipped and slid around" New York City for two years in one job after another. One night, while he was working as a door-

FONDA & HACKMAN WITH OSCARS



HACKMAN IN "CONNECTION"



SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

man at a Howard Johnson's restaurant in Times Square, his old Marine captain walked by. Their eyes met in awkward recognition. The captain looked him up and down and sneered. "Hackman, you're a sorry son of a bitch."

That encounter 18 years ago was the end of Hackman's slipping and sliding. Although he had never thought of acting before, he joined the *Premiere*, an off-Broadway theater—not so much in quest of stardom as simply to get some meaning into his life. By last week, when he stood onstage in the Chandler Pavilion clutching his statuette, he had found both. He has become one of the best-liked of Hollywood professionals, a shambling, shirtsleeves type who actually uses words like "golly" and "gee" and is still married to his first wife after 14 years. He has also become one of the most gifted of character actors, a sublime technician for whom no inward emotion is too big to be fixed firmly in the smallest outward detail.

Borrowed Tricks. Hackman is a sort of blue-collar actor, slightly embarrassed about art but avid about craft. For his Oscar-winning role as the obsessive, foul-mouthed Popeye Doyle, he served an apprenticeship in Harlem with Eddie Egan, the real-life detective on whose exploits *The French Connection* was based. "It was scary as hell," Hackman says. "We'd burst into a crowded bar, and Egan would put on a

drill instructor's voice, flat and unemotional, and yet authoritative. If anyone talked back, his voice would go a pitch higher. He always won." In the film, Hackman borrowed such Egan tricks as shoving a suspect into a telephone booth to subdue him.

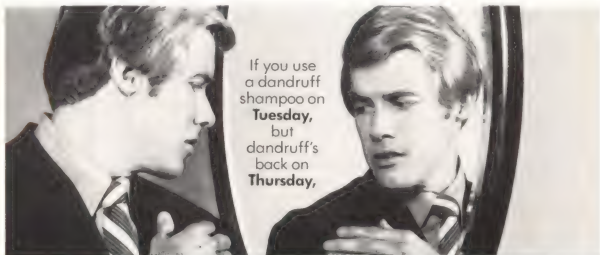
To reach the subtly modulated power of his Popeye characterization, Hackman had a long climb. His work at the *Premiere* led to a string of plays on Broadway, culminating in a leading role opposite Sandy Dennis in *Any Wednesday* in 1964. Meanwhile, he had edged into movies with a small part in *Lilith*. Recalls Warren Beatty, the picture's star: "It was only a two-minute scene, but the best thing about *Lilith* was Gene Hackman." When Beatty was casting *Bonnie and Clyde* three years later, he thought of Hackman for the role of Clyde's brother Buck. Hackman's performance won him an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor, and the offers began coming in.

By his own admission, Hackman grabbed unselectively at too many of them and bogged down in a mire of forgettable films (*The Split*, *Marooned*). "You have to recognize," he says, "that there's a monster out there called unemployment." Finally one of the offers turned out to be for the part of the long-suffering son in *I Never Sang for My Father*. Hackman's engaging, sensitive portrayal won him a second Oscar nom-

ination last year for Best Supporting Actor. Largely on the strength of that, he made his connection with Popeye (others who were considered for the role: Jimmy Breslin, Steve McQueen, Jackie Gleason).

Stunt Driving. Which is the real Gene Hackman? The decent, gentle fellow in *Father* or the raw, aggressive one in *Connection*? Answer: A little of both. Hackman retains much of the flavor of his small-town upbringing in Danville, Ill. Away from the set he spends most of his time lazing with his family in his Tudor-style home in the San Fernando Valley. At the same time, he has "an affinity for certain dangers." These used to include motorcycle and auto racing (he did about half of his own stunt driving in *Connection*), but now are limited mostly to flying rented planes.

Now that Hackman's star status could command a wide range of roles, he plans to keep right on doing character parts. He will play an aging Midwestern dirt racer in *Good Luck, Roy Neal*, which will start shooting in July. Next he has his eye on a script about a fireman. In another ten years, he maintains, he may quit acting altogether. "I want to relax, paint, read and maybe even write," he says. "I don't see myself as a distinguished old actor." Perhaps not, but if that Marine captain were to turn up again in 20 years, chances are that's exactly what he would see.

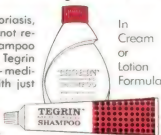


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Britannia Rules the Wash

Watercolor: today, the word seems prim and dilute. It suggests Aunt Mabel, poking at her holiday sketchbook in some Tuscan piazza. Oils for real artists, watercolor for amateurs—so the common prejudice runs. Yet in the 18th and 19th centuries, some of the best painting in Europe was done in watercolor. The brilliant achievements of English art in particular, from Rowlandson to Turner, were largely based on the freedom, speed and unique sparkle of the transparent wash. One forgets what the medium could do. Last week the Pierpont Morgan Library produced a salutary reminder, in the form of a show called "English Drawings and Watercolors, 1550-1850." The 150 items are drawn from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, and they are nearly all of staggering quality.

The art of watercolor has two roots. One is in pen-and-wash drawing, the other in the more static and ceremonious art of miniature painting. The first item in the Morgan catalogue is a painting of an imaginary noble savage, *A Young Daughter of the Picts*, by Jacques Le Moyne de Morgues. Le Moyne, a French artist who worked in England in the 16th century, voyaged to Florida in the early 1560s. There he saw Indians—and concluded that there had to be a likeness between them and the lost tribes of primitive Britain. Hence the delicate Amazon, who might have stepped out of a court masque. Her tribal body painting is transmuted into an exquisite damask of skin tattoos; every detail of Le Moyne's image, from the green, parklike landscape and the rippling blonde hair to the jaunty flutter of tassel and petal, adds to the sense of a new-minted Arcadia. It is, of course, completely artificial.

Nature Worship. Watercolor came fully into its own as a medium two centuries later—through nature rather than culture. The two great themes of English art in the 18th and 19th centuries were antiquity and landscape. Both necessitated some form of travel—either taking the road to Rome or making the shorter trip into the English countryside, with painting kit. Oil paint in tubes made Impressionism possible, but that sort of packaging did not exist in the 18th century. Lugging oils through the vales of Kent or the gorges of Switzerland was messy, and watercolor—carried dry, in little pans—was the solution. The sheer convenience of watercolor—and its appeal to amateur and professional alike—was neatly expressed by Paul Sandby's tranquil view of *Roslyn Castle, North Berwick*, with an aristocratic-looking lady on the riverbank painting with the aid of a camera lucida.

The medium was so handy and

quick-drying that it could serve almost as photography, recording a fascinating panorama of costume, manners and habits. The master of social observation was Thomas Rowlandson, with his scenes of 18th century London—like the splendid *Old Vauxhall Gardens* (circa 1784), in which portraits of such notables as Dr. Johnson, Boswell and the Prince of Wales are mingled with the faces of anonymous revelers. Other artists went farther afield. George Chinnery fled his family in 1802 and settled

and inquired: "May not half the Art be learned from the gradations in coffee grounds?" It could, and the proof was given by J.M.W. Turner, whose life's work can be seen—under one aspect—as a prolonged and magnificently worked-out dialogue between observation and indeterminacy. That Turner, who died in 1851, was a far more "modern" artist than any of the French Impressionists, is hardly a matter of dispute. (The only French landscape artist of the late 19th century who can survive any comparison with him is Monet.) Turner's *Vesuvius in Eruption, 1817*—"a reddened, yellowed and delicious horror," one of his contempo-



THOMAS ROWLANDSON'S LONDON REVELERS IN "OLD VAUXHALL GARDENS"
It was the country and the age to inspire a painter.

in India, where he turned out a stream of elegant, precise topographical studies like *Figure Seated by an Indian Temple*.

In watercolor, the burgeoning nature worship of English romanticism found its medium. "If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inspire poet or painter, this is the country, or this is the age to produce them," wrote Horace Walpole. But if it suited the outward urge, it was also the supreme vehicle for the inward eye. The visionary side of English art was expressed through it, most famously by William Blake and Samuel Palmer. Palmer's belief that he inhabited, in England, a paradisaical "valley of vision" imbued even the humblest of his studies, like *A Cow Lodge with a Mossy Roof*, with a sublime imaginative pressure. Every flick on that encrusted roof, every touch of light and shadow on the tawny, mottled foliage behind, is painted with an obsessed and grateful reverence.

Palmer had learned a basic fact about the medium: that it is a stain, a blot. Make a mark and let the image develop out of that. He declared himself to be "by nature a lover of smudginess."

aries called it—is extravagantly spontaneous, the washes cut and scratched back to white with a knife or a brush handle, but it sums up the strange modernity of his techniques.

Nobody else exploited the transparency of watercolor as thoroughly as Turner. He reversed the traditional method of painting on a dark ground and working up to the high tones. The basic ground of Turner's watercolors is white, reflected light. In watercolors like *Vesuvius*, and more so in his opalescent canalscapes of Venice, Turner stated the identity of light and color as no previous artist had done, "They are pictures of the elements," wrote William Hazlitt in 1816. "The artist delights to go back to the first chaos of the world." From that chaos, a great deal of what we now call modernism was due to be born.

• Robert Hughes

"*A Young Daughter of the Picts*" is by a 16th century French artist, Jacques Le Moyne de Morgues, who traveled to Florida and later settled in England to escape France's persecution of Huguenots.

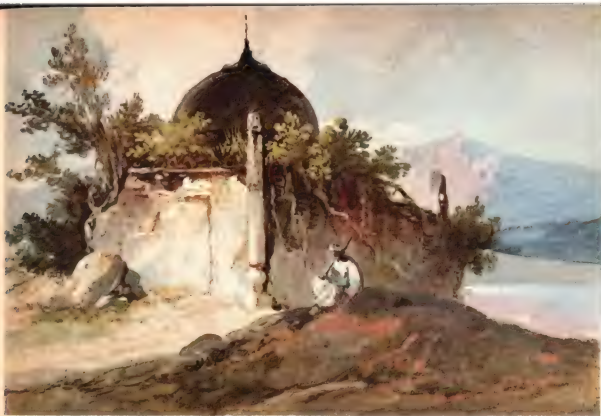




J.M.W. Turner (1775-1851): "Vesuvius in Eruption, 1817"



Paul Sandby (1730-1809): "Rosslyn Castle, North Berwick"



George Chinnery (1774-1852): "Figure Seated by an Indian Temple"



Samuel Palmer (1805-81): "A Cow Lodge with a Mossy Roof"

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Who's Afraid of Joan?

Even to operagoers who cheer her vocal brilliance, Soprano Joan Sutherland has often seemed to have the personality of an Amazonian Barbie doll: imposing, but stiff and cool. Recently she dispelled much of that reputation with her hearty clowning in the Metropolitan Opera's production of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment* (TIME, Feb. 28). Last week, with her appearance in the first of two 30-minute TV shows called *Who's Afraid of Opera?* (PBS), her humanization seemed complete. Singing, lecturing, bantering with a trio of puppets, she was revealed as a thoroughly warm and winning woman.

Taped in London, *Who's Afraid of Opera?* is aimed at that sizable majority of the world's population—especially young people—who have managed to avoid being bitten by the opera bug and to whom the prospect of an evening at the Met is highly resistible. The shows cut down two Italian comic operas to half-hour nibbles, a drastic reducing plan that is still adequate for the skinny *buffo* plots. Sutherland trots out for a bow and a chat with the puppets and explains the story to them ("I have a bit of money, and he wants to marry me himself," she says, introducing Rossini's *Barber of Seville*). Then off she goes to act out key scenes, sing arias and take part in telescoped ensembles, returning to confide in the puppets when the plot gets strenuous. "Don't worry," one of them reassures her when she loses her boy friend Tonio in *The Daughter of the Regiment* (scheduled to be shown this week). "I've read the libretto. He comes back."

The perennial problem of televised



SUTHERLAND SINGING ON TELEVISION
Trot out and humanize.

opera—whether singers ought to look realistic or pretty—remains unsolved, for the producer has them mouthing their words to a prerecorded sound track. The result is often like watching one movie while hearing another. A further problem with such popularizations is also sidestepped: whether they should be done at all, or whether opera should be left to appeal at its own level to those who are already inclined toward it. Still, the proceedings are colorfully photographed and skillfully staged, and even Sir William, the puppet who reads scores and carps about all the cuts, seems to approve. Sir William is both a critic and an aging billy goat. Only a soprano could think of that kind of casting.

■ Robert T. Jones

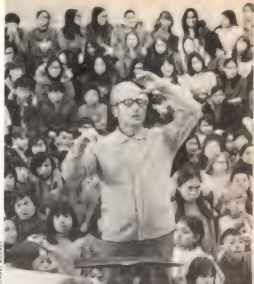
Brahms in the Bush

As the battered old F-27 touched down on the runway, the huddle of well-comers in fur parkas and boots shuffled about enthusiastically at the edge of the airport. They would have cheered, but when the wind howls in southwest Alaska, why bother? Inside the plane, the musicians stretched, checked their thermal underwear, down booties, sweaters, ear muffs and fur coats and hats. Then they stepped out the door into the frozen flats of Bethel, Alaska (pop. 2,500, predominantly Eskimo). "We can't believe you're here," said Nancy Hohman, principal of the Bethel elementary school. Shivering against the 5°-below-zero weather, looking at the log cabin that passed for an airport terminal, neither could the musicians.

So it went as Conductor Milton Katims and the Seattle Symphony brought culture to the arctic climes of the 49th state, where music normally comes only from records, radio, TV or walrus-skin drums. Never before had any major orchestra visited the Alaskan bush or the treeless tundra. Never before, in all probability, had any orchestra's itinerary been such a travel agent's nightmare—covering 11,000 miles by plane, boat, bus and snowmobile to give 36 concerts in six days. The Seattleites were able to do so by splitting up, for much of the tour, into seven chamber groups.

By the time Katims got to Bethel, the orchestra had already given full symphonic concerts in Anchorage, Fairbanks and Juneau. Now, in the high school gymnasium, Katims led a 16-member string ensemble before an enthusiastic crowd of adults and children that overflowed from bleachers and folding chairs onto the floor. There was an overflow of the overflow when a chorus of 94 children came out to join Katims in Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*.

The Katims contingent dined on roast moose, reindeer, and a mixture of seal oil, caribou fat, berries and sugar



KATIMS REHEARSING IN BETHEL
Go forth and divide.

known as *agutuk*, or Eskimo ice cream. Then, at the airport, they were delayed for three hours while their plane's engines were warmed back to life. Conductormaster Henry Siegl took out his violin. While Katims conducted with a swizzle stick, Siegl played an impromptu recital of pop songs, Irish jigs and gypsy music.

Getting Couth. Meanwhile, at the Arctic port of Barrow, a woodwind quintet entertained 300 schoolchildren with a variety of pieces ranging from Beethoven to *Pop Goes the Weasel*. In the southeast part of the state, Associate Conductor Joseph Levine took another string ensemble on a 130-mile ferry ride through the Inside Passage to reach Ketchikan for a concert in the local high school. One rapt member of their audience was the first mate on their ferry boat, Gene Chaffin, who at 35 was attending his first concert. "I thought it would be very formal and boring but it was wonderful," Chaffin said. "I got me some couth tonight."

The backers of the \$90,000 tour (notably the National Endowment for the Arts, two fish-packing firms, a barge company and an airline) were just as pleased in their way as Chaffin. The big, relatively sophisticated cities like Anchorage may not have had much to learn from hearing the *Brahms First Symphony*, but will provincial Bethel ever be the same after hearing Bartók's *Divertimento for Strings*? The real test, of course, will be how quickly the Seattle musicians, or any others for that matter, are back beating the bush with more Brahms and Beethoven. Conductor Katims, who found the trip a thoroughly warming experience (thanks partly to the men's pantyhose he wore throughout), would like to make it an annual affair. "There were wonderful vibes from the people," he said as the orchestra headed home. "I could feel them in the small of my back."

Michelin and Uniroyal.

**Respectively, the 2 tire companies in the world
with the most experience in making**

steel-belted radials.

**A superior type of tire,
but more difficult to make.**

The steel-belted radial is rapidly becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is our competitor Michelin.

**A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung,
tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe.
These 3 received the highest ratings:**

| Tests: (1971) | UNIROYAL 180 (Steel) | MICHELIN XX (Steel) | PIRELLI CF 87 (Fabric) |
|---|----------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| Safety and Performance: | | | |
| Cornering | 10 | 8 | 6 |
| Wet skid | 10 | 9 | 6 |
| Handling | 10 | 8 | 10 |
| Tracking | 8 | 10 | 9 |
| Braking | 8 | 7 | 6 |
| Lateral Stability | 9 | 8 | 5 |
| Overall Response | 8 | 7 | 7 |
| POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE) | 63 (90) | 57 (81) | 49 (70) |
| Economy and Comfort: | | | |
| Wear (normal driving) | 8 | 10 | 10 |
| Thereby % Wear | 8 | 10 | 10 |
| Wear (fast driving) | 8 | 6 | 7 |
| Rolling Resistance (low speeds) | 8 | 10 | 9 |
| Rolling Resistance (high speeds) | 7 | 10 | 9 |
| Availability | 6 | 5 | 10 |
| Comfort | 7 | 6 | 7 |
| POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE) | 52 (74) | 57 (81) | 62 (89) |
| END RESULT | (164) | (162) | (159) |
| RANKING | 1ST | 2ND | 3RD |

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 4th, Conti TS 771, steel (158). | 9th, Phoenix P 110 Ti, fabric (132). |
| 5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147). | 10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131). |
| 6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137). | 10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131). |
| 6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137). | 12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130). |
| 8th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136). | 13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128). |

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M.

This tire is being produced in the United States.



**When you go to buy a steel-belted radial,
don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a
steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.**

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire," you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

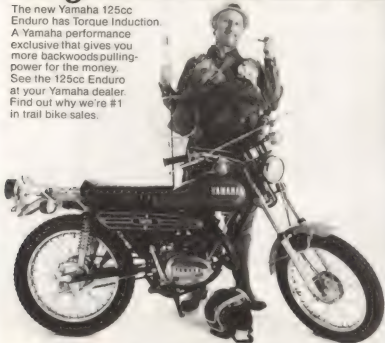
Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report, along with three test reports on radial tires that appeared in "Auto Motor und Sport" Magazine of Germany during '69, '70 and '71? Send 25c to Dept. CP2, Uniroyal,

Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



The great outdoors machine.

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YAMAHA The great machines for '72.

Here's all you need to know about sherry and port.

Harveys Tico. A light, very dry cocktail sherry.
 Harveys Amontillado. A medium-dry, full-bodied aperitif sherry.
 Harveys Shooting Sherry. A rich, all-occasion sherry. Slightly sweeter than Amontillado.
 Harveys Gold Cap Port. A rich and fruity after-dinner delight.

All from J. & W. Harvey & Sons, Ltd. Wine Merchants since 1796.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Natalie Wood, 33, divorced child actress who grew into fully adult roles (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Splendor in the Grass*); and Richard J. Gregson, 41, talent agent and sometime film producer (*Downhill Racer*); after three years of marriage, one child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. C.W. Ceram, 57, German journalist and author whose 1949 history of archaeology, *Gods, Graves and Scholars*, became an international best-seller; of heart disease; in Hamburg. A book and drama critic during the early '30s, he switched to the less political field of art history when the Nazis came to power. He joined the Wehrmacht in World War II, was captured by the Americans, and developed his interest in archaeology while a prisoner of war. For *Gods'* publication, he reversed and Anglicized his real name, Kurt W. Marek. The book sold more than 4,000,000 copies, and "Ceram" became the byline on his later works as well.

Died. Piero Calamai, 75, captain of the *Andrea Doria* when, on July 25, 1956, the Italian liner collided with the *Stockholm* off the Nantucket coast and sank; in Genoa, Italy. Though a naval veteran of 39 years and both World Wars, Calamai retired to the hills of Liguria following the inquiry into the collision and never ventured to sea again.

Died. James F. Byrnes, 92, versatile public man who wielded great power in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations; in Columbia, S.C. Already a House and Senate veteran in the 1930s, Byrnes, though a conservative, used his influence and tactical skill to get much New Deal legislation passed for his old friend F.D.R. As a reward, and perhaps as compensation for having passed Byrnes over for the vice presidential nomination, Roosevelt appointed him to the Supreme Court in 1941. Just 16 months later, the new Associate Justice was happy to leave the tranquility of the bench to take over the Office of Economic Stabilization and then the War Mobilization Board. The latter post gave him so much control over the home front that Roosevelt called him the assistant President. As peace approached, Byrnes became increasingly involved with foreign affairs and went to Potsdam as Harry Truman's Secretary of State. After the war his attitude toward the Russians hardened and this involved him in a bitter dispute with the more moderate members of Truman's Cabinet. Eventually Byrnes' deep conservatism reasserted itself and he fell out with both the President and the National Democratic Party. In 1950, at the age of 71, he was elected Governor of South Carolina on a segregationist platform.

The big thing ADT has learned about burglar alarm systems in the last 98 years is that no two families have the same needs.



Nowadays, you hear people talk about different family "life styles."

For nearly a century now, ADT has been tailoring each burglar alarm system we install not only to each family's home, but to each family's mode of living.

For instance, we want to know if you're most worried about burglaries when you're home. Or away from home. What kind of pets you have. How casually you live.

From the Pentagon to the place next door.



We feel this personal touch is one of the big reasons our systems (both burglar and fire alarm) are welcome in homes from Scarsdale to San Diego, as well as in such security-minded places as the Pentagon, the U.S. Treasury and Cartier.

You see, long years on the frontiers of detection technology have convinced us there's just no kind of all-purpose gimmick we can sell you that's flexible enough for different families' needs

and at the same time is fiendish enough to catch the really determined intruder.

The most advanced inventory of devices.

To custom-design every burglar alarm system and fire alarm system we install, ADT is able to draw on a large inventory of devices that we believe to be the most advanced in the industry.

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We send help 24 hours a day.

ADT also has the largest nationwide network of central stations to monitor alarm systems around the clock. This ability to send help when it is needed can be mighty important both when you are home and when you are away from home.

Why is ADT protection necessary?

Burglaries up 228% in the last decade.

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Is an ADT alarm system effective? Check your local police or fire department. Then we suspect you'll want one of our ADT representatives to come to your home to give you a free and professional estimate in light of *your* needs. Or for a starter, get our new brochure. Just fill out the coupon below. Or call toll-free: **800-631-1972 (In N.J. 800-962-2803)**

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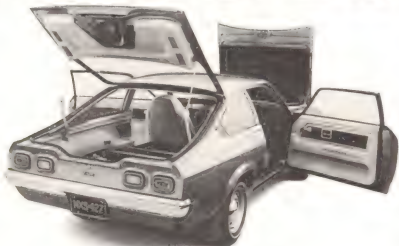
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Power ventilation system.

Front disc brakes.

Side-guard door beams.

Two steel roofs instead of just one.

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But Vega is no big car.

It's made for four people.

And although Vega's low center of gravity and wide stance make it feel bigger than a Vega, it's all done on a modest eight-

foot wheelbase. (Two feet less than Impala's.)

Although our overhead-cam aluminum block engine is bigger than most little car engines, it's still awfully stingy with a gallon of gas.

And although Vega, with full foam seats and Full Coil suspension, is surprisingly comfortable to ride in from city to city, it's also a nifty car to zip around in from store to store.

Vega is a little car.

The little car that does everything well.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.

EAST-WEST TRADE

Moscow Wants a Deal

AS U.S. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz left Moscow last week after an unprecedented 90-minute talk with Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev, he characterized the conversation as "warm, frank and friendly." For once those diplomatic clichés seemed apt. With President Nixon's visit scarcely a month away, Brezhnev, who never before has talked so long with an American official, was making a major gesture of cordiality toward the U.S. He also was emphasizing Moscow's desire for a big increase in trade with the U.S.—a desire that Washington shares.

Butz later predicted that the Soviets might buy as much as \$200 million worth of American wheat and feed grains every year for the next decade. That puffily prediction was bound to please American farmers—but how would the Russians raise the money? Butz suggested to Brezhnev that the Soviet Union might consider paying for the grains by exporting its surplus of Siberian natural gas to the U.S. It was, of course, too early to agree on a deal that would cost at least \$5 billion for plants, pipelines and ships, with most of the cost borne by the Russians. Nonetheless, Butz left behind a team of experts who are negotiating the terms of a big grain deal, which may be signed, along with an agreement limiting anti-ballistic missiles, during Nixon's visit beginning May 22.

Buying Spree. The U.S. needs to catch up with other non-Communist nations, which find the Soviet Union an expanding and often profitable market. Hoping to modernize outmoded industries, the Russians have bought scores of modern plants and equipment abroad: synthetic-fiber factories from Britain, chemical factories from Japan, and \$250 million in equipment from Italy's Fiat for an auto plant, which is now turning out nearly 1,000 cars a day. West Germany last year sold \$460 million worth of goods to the Soviets, followed by Japan (\$375 million) and Italy and France (each nearly \$300 million). But U.S. exports to Russia were only \$160 million.

This could be greatly increased because Russian experts profess a preference for U.S. technology, and they are fascinated by the prospect of dealing with powerful American corporations. Moscow is especially keen to buy U.S. oil-drilling and -refining processes, chemical plants, automated machine tools, food-packing equipment, and road-building machinery. The Kremlin would like—and will probably get—help from American firms in setting

up the long-delayed Kama heavy truck factory. Pittsburgh's Swindell-Dressler Co. has won a \$10 million contract for designing the arc furnaces for the plant.

There is progress on some other fronts. Collins Radio has landed a contract to install navigation and communication equipment on every Russian Yak-40 jetliner that is sold in non-Communist countries; the deal is worth \$150,000 a plane. Joy Manufacturing Co. has sold several million dollars worth of the latest automated mining equipment. ITT will send a team to Moscow this month to discuss what it might do for the Soviets' underdeveloped communication systems. The Brunswick Corp. is even equipping a 24-lane bowling alley in Moscow.

One big obstacle to trade is that the Russians have had little to market in the U.S.—only \$56 million worth last year. Unfortunately their manufactured goods are generally shoddy and not in much demand, even in the East bloc. But Moscow would like to sell jetliners (including the supersonic Tu-144), wristwatches, cameras, pharmaceutical supplies, medical instruments—and the natural gas that Butz bubbled about. Soviet experts have conferred with men from Tenneco and Texas Eastern Transmission about shipping Siberian gas to the U.S. It could be pipelined to Murmansk, liquefied and shipped to the U.S. East Coast in special tankers.

First, however, fundamental issues between the two nations must be resolved. Many of them are hangovers from cold war days when the U.S. believed that trade could aid Communist war-making potential. But the Communists developed a tremendous potential anyhow, and most diplomats now ar-

gue that greater trade may help ease political tensions. Among the issues:

LEND-LEASE DEBTS. The Soviets have yet to pay back the first kopeck on the U.S.'s \$10.8 billion lend-lease aid provided during World War II. The real issue centers around payment for "civilian" goods, which accounted for one-quarter of the total. The Russians must at least partly clear up this default before Nixon can offer them Government-backed U.S. Export-Import Bank loans. The lend-lease talks were broken off in 1960 but, at Soviet request, talks have just been resumed in Washington. The U.S. has offered to settle for \$800 million, but it wants hard Western currency. The Russians are willing to make a payment of \$300 million and want it to be in rubles or raw materials. Prospects for a compromise soon seem good.

CREDIT TERMS. On the grain deals, the Soviets seek ten-year credits at an interest rate of 2 or 3% v. the prevailing average U.S. rate of 6%. The Russians are unlikely to get specially low interest rates, but Butz hinted that if they offer to make really big purchases in the U.S., Washington might devise a combination Government-private credit for five to seven years.

M.F.N. STATUS. The Soviets are eager to get back the "most favored nation" trading status with the U.S., which they

BREZHNEV & BUTZ AT PARTY HEADQUARTERS



MOSCOW'S MAYOR EXAMINING BRUNSWICK CORP. BOWLING GEAR



BUSINESS

lost in the cold war. M.F.N. status would cut the tariffs by 50% or more on some Soviet exports. So far the U.S. has granted M.F.N. standing to only two Communist countries, Poland and Yugoslavia. Washington would be wise to extend M.F.N. treatment to all of Eastern Europe, including the Soviet Union, to tear down trade barriers.

Above all, the U.S. must get rid of its old concept that trade is a cold war weapon. It makes no sense to continue to forbid U.S. companies to sell computers and other sophisticated equipment to the Communist countries when the Communists can buy the same sort of equipment through other Western sources. Similarly, it is self-defeating for U.S. businessmen to be forced to fill out reams of questionnaires and licensing applications for trade with Russia when such delays result in lost sales. Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing was a recent victim of U.S. bureaucracy. Though it developed magnetic tape, it lost a substantial sale to the Russians because its export license remained mired for so long in Washington offices that the Soviets took their business to 3M's imitators in Western Europe.

RETAILING

Broadway on Fifth Ave.

A girl waits and waits, and it she's lucky along comes Mr. Right... and Mr. Bergdorf... and Mr. Goodman.
—Helen Gallagher
in *No, No, Nanette*

Manhattan's fashionable Bergdorf-Goodman, outfit for many of New York's best-dressed women for 71 years, finally found a Mr. Right last

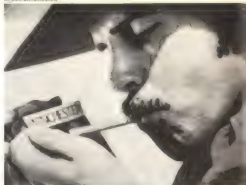
week. As the Federal Trade Commission gave its long-awaited approval, the store was sold for \$12.6 million in stock to Edward Carter's Broadway-Hale group of Los Angeles. The deal swallowed one of the nation's few remaining well-known independent merchants, though the prestigious Bergdorf store will keep a separate identity and its own label. The FTC evidently decided that any attempt to block the sale, on the grounds that it reduced competition, might cause a further decline along New York's still chic but troubled Fifth Avenue.

Bergdorf lately has faced more than its share of setbacks. None of the four children of Chairman Andrew Goodman, 65, showed any interest in minding the family store. Edwin, 32, his only son, is the manager of an adventurous, listener-supported FM radio station in New York, and recently spent two nights in jail for failing to honor a subpoena for tapes that had been recorded during a jail uprising. Further, Bergdorf-Goodman steadfastly refused to open branches beyond its single Fifth Avenue store, losing customers to the suburban shopping-center outlets of Saks, Lord & Taylor and other competitors.

The store's business still permitted Goodman and his Spanish-born wife Nena to lavishly entertain special customers, including the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Barbra Streisand, in their 14-room penthouse atop the store. But recently profits have sagged: in 1970 Bergdorf earned well under 4% on sales of \$32 million. Convinced that only a bigger company could borrow enough capital to expand the business beyond New York's midtown area, Goodman began searching for somebody to buy him out. Unless a buyer could be found, he said sadly, the store would probably close, and its valuable Fifth Avenue real estate (which was not part of last week's transaction) be sold for high-rise development.

Eastward Ho. The ultimate deal rang up yet another remarkable achievement for Ed Carter. Broadway-Hale's soft-spoken chairman, whose personal tastes for quality run to driving a black Jaguar and collecting 17th century Flemish paintings. Since he signed on with Los Angeles' three-store Broadway chain in 1946, Harvard-trained Carter has built it into a group of 60 stores with annual sales of \$755 million. Bucking the discount trend in the '60s, he concentrated on quality merchandise: three years ago, he persuaded the FTC to approve Broadway-Hale's purchase of Dallas-based Neiman-Marcus, which is now expanding into Washington, D.C., Atlanta and Florida. Now that Carter has reached Fifth Avenue, he plans to open at least three more Bergdorf-Goodman stores in the New York area during the next decade.

KEUL-SATERLIER



LIGHTING UP A WINCHESTER IN TV SPOT

MARKETING

A Whole 'Nother Smoke

Even before the U.S. Government doused cigarette commercials on television last year, sales of little cigars were lighting up. Put off by evidence that cigarettes cause cancer, heart disease and other ailments, some smokers began to switch several years ago to small, mild stogies.

To boost demand, the makers of little cigars, which are still allowed to be advertised on the home screen, expanded their promotions in print and television. Cigars like Lorillard's Omega, U.S. Tobacco's Tall N' Slim and American Brands' Antonio y Cleopatra became increasingly popular. Sales of little cigars reached 878 million in the last fiscal year, and in recent months have been running about 46% ahead of that level. One reason is that last September R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., the nation's largest cigarette maker, brought out a new brand called Winchester. Ever since, sales have soared, and controversy has gathered around the product.

Cowboy Redux. Winchester's are shaped, packaged and sold 20 to a pack exactly like cigarettes. They contain shredded tobacco and have tan paper-like wrappers made from tobacco. Tipped with cellulose-acetate filters like cigarettes, their light smoke can be comfortably inhaled, and they are sold in some cigarette-vending machines and displayed among the cigarettes at some retail stores. The Internal Revenue Service, which classifies all tobacco products for tax purposes, initially declared that Winchester's were not little cigars. The IRS reversed itself later when Reynolds made some changes in the product's tobacco.

Winchesters gain big advantages by being classified as little cigars. Most important, for a pack of 20, federal tax on cigars is about 1.5 cents v. 8 cents on a pack of cigarettes. This helps Reynolds hold Winchester's price below 30 cents in most places; in New York City Winchester's sell for 28 to 30 cents a pack compared with about 40 cents for other little cigars and 65 cents for cig-



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A taste for quality.

Ed Wait bought York central air conditioning because we told him it was quiet.

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We put lots of time and effort into making York Air Conditioning quiet. And dependable. In fact, we've gotten good enough at it to meet the stringent requirements for the air conditioning used aboard naval submarines.

All of this no doubt impressed Mr. Ed Wait of Atlanta, Georgia, when he decided on York back in September of 1970. But we built a few other sound principles into his Champion Central Home Air Conditioner as well.

The compressor is sealed away in its own compartment with no openings to let noise escape. Some manufacturers put their compressors right under the exhaust fan so that noise is actually pumped right out into the back yard.

And that fan itself is a good reason to choose York. Now you can order

a two-speed version that automatically runs at a slower—quieter—speed when the temperature falls below 85 degrees.

But don't take our word for how quiet and dependable York Central Air Conditioning is. Ed Wait has had his unit for a year and a half now. It's had enough time to make lots of noise. Has it? You can call him and find out.

YORK

York, Pennsylvania 17405



**Call Ed Wait
toll-free at
(800)-233-9361.***

*Residents of Pennsylvania
call Ed Wait toll-free
at 800-632-9091.



BUSINESS

arettes. At least one state, for its own tax purposes, has gone counter to the IRS: California officials have put Winchesters in the same category as cigarettes, raising the price to about 35 cents. Even so, little cigars do not have to carry a health-hazard warning on the pack.

Reynolds has been able to promote Winchesters in a brassy television ad campaign in test markets, including Boston, Dayton, New York City, Sacramento, Calif., and Sioux City, Iowa. The commercials feature a tall, lean cowboy who looks like a refugee from Marlboro country. He pops out of nowhere and steals another man's girl at the beach, on a lonely road or at a sidewalk café. Each time, the silent, saturnine cowboy offers the girl a Winchester: the two take a few puffs, exchange febrile glances and go off together as the announcer chants: "Ain't no cigarette. Ain't just another little cigar. It's a whole 'nother smoke."

Aroma. The American Cancer Society has condemned the ads as "a violation of the spirit, if not the letter of the law banning electronic cigarette advertising." Critics note that Winchesters are easily inhaled, and inhaling, experts say, is the major health hazard of tobacco. Reynolds Marketing Vice President James Hind disputes such criticism and insists that Winchesters are indeed different from cigarettes. He asserts that Winchesters are made entirely of cigar and air-cured tobaccos—as distinct from flue-cured tobacco in most cigarettes—and that they have the aroma of cigars.

In February, the Senate Consumer Subcommittee held hearings on little cigars that centered largely on Winchesters. After listening to testimony, Subcommittee Chairman Frank Moss said that he was considering asking for new legislation that would more clearly define the differences between little cigars and cigarettes, possibly including whether the products' smoke can be readily inhaled. Says Moss, "I am anxious to move swiftly and decisively to prevent the proliferation of more cigarette-like cigar products."

Executives of many little-cigar companies are worried that Winchesters' vigorous marketing campaign will result in a ban on TV ads for small stores. For its part, Reynolds is waging that it can create an unusually large demand for Winchesters.

HOUSING

New French Levitt

Frenchmen created and built the Statue of Liberty. Other Frenchmen designed the city of Washington and part of New Orleans. And what have American architects and builders given to France? Answer: Levittown.

Since the mid-1960s, clusters of split-level houses have risen around Par-



"PLAISIR," A 250-UNIT BREGUET HOUSING DEVELOPMENT NEAR PARIS



BUILDER MAXIME BREGUET
The wine cave is included.

is, looking much like suburban U.S. housing developments. Many have been built by two U.S. companies, Levitt & Sons and Kaufman & Broad. Now an heir of a famous French family is imitating the Levittown builders with great success. He is Maxime Breguet, 29, son of the founder of Breguet Aviation, which built, among many other planes, the Breguet 14 flown by the Lafayette escadrille in World War I.

In less than two years, Breguet has put together a company, retaining more than half of the stock himself, that has revenues of \$16 million and profits of \$2.5 million. His chief product is a five-bedroom brick and tile-roof house, containing wall-to-wall carpets, a fully equipped kitchen and a wine cave. Price, including a quarter-acre lot: \$50,000. Late last year Breguet completed a 350-house development. At present he has three subdivisions under construction and another three on the planning boards, totaling 2,050 homes.

Breguet built up a business fast by taking advantage of his many assets: family name, top schooling in both the U.S. and France, wealthy friends, French tax laws and a building boom. He earned an M.B.A. from the Harvard business school in 1968 and then returned to France in hopes of starting his own enterprise. Says Breguet: "A few years ago, a young European entrepreneur would go to the U.S., see what was to be done and stay there to do it. But now you go to the U.S., see what there is to do and come back here to do it better."

Wisely, Breguet spent six months working in Paris as a production manager for Kaufman & Broad to learn

about the nuts, bolts and nails of building. After leaving, he borrowed \$15 million from friends, got another \$10 million from French banks and obtained building permits from local officials. "They would rather see a Frenchman get the contracts than some American giant," he says. Breguet also got a lift from French tax laws: to stimulate construction, the government has cut the corporate tax rate for new builders from 50% to 15% for their first seven years, provided they plow back their profits. Breguet formed his own construction outfit and builds only three to five models per project, keeping costs low by standardizing room layouts and construction materials.

Breguet benefits because France badly needs modern housing, for example, more than a third of Paris housing has no indoor toilets. Now Frenchmen can afford to buy new homes. The country has the fastest growing economy in the Common Market (TIME, Dec. 6), a fact that has become obvious to Breguet. Recently he has had to attach two-car garages to many of his homes.

UNIONS

Archie Is a Fink

He shuffles onto the home screen, blowzy, blinking, belly bulging, beer in one hand, cigar in the other. He trails mumbled epithets about practically every race, creed or color. He is Archie Bunker of the *All in the Family* show, the tube's quintessential boob, who each week shrivels bigotry with laughter. Yet to the editors of *Focus*, the Teamsters' official newsletter, Archie, like the antihero of the movie *Joe*, is just another example of how TV and the press distort the image of the working man. In a recent issue, an editorial thunders: "For some reason, the writers of those shows decided the average worker is a dingbat—fat, more than a little dumb, a committed racist and most of all, very comical." One consequence is that "most of the folks who design the policies and programs in high governmental circles, no matter what party is in power, have no idea of what a working person is like and what he needs." Archie himself could not have put it any better.

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Pangs and Prizes

When the winners of this year's National Book Awards lined up on the rosy stage of Manhattan's Alice Tully Hall last week, the group was somewhat more suggestive of prize day at school—with something for everyone—than an austere few chosen for literary excellence. The awards were originally conceived to promote "the wider and wiser use of books," and no doubt with that laudable, if ambiguous view in mind, the N.B.A. this year increased the number of prize categories from seven to ten—a notable jump from the early days, nearly a generation ago, when the N.B.A. used to pick only the year's best work of fiction, nonfiction and poetry.

The crowd would have been even

bined with history). Joseph Lash's splendidly affectionate *Eleanor and Franklin* (Norton); in arts and letters, Pianist Charles Rosen's demanding study of *The Classical Style* in the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven (Viking); in science, George L. Small's ecological lament for the disappearance of *The Blue Whale* (Columbia University); in philosophy and religion, Martin E. Marty's *Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America* (Dial); and for translation, Austryn Wainhouse's heroic failure to quite transform French Nobel prizewinner Jacques Monod's prolix inquiry into biological evolution *Chance and Necessity* (Knopf) into readable English.

Nobody who cares about good writing could object to the choice of Flan-



JOSEPH LASH



DONALD BARTHELME



N.B.A. WINNERS MARTIN MARTY & STEWART BRAND

A compromise between commerce and excellence.

larger, cynics observed, if three of the 1971 prizewinners were not dead, Flannery O'Connor, who won in the most coveted fiction category for the complete collection of her matchless stories (TIME, Nov. 29), died in 1964. The fiction judges had to bypass an N.B.A. rule that bars books by authors more than two years departed to give her the award. The history award, a separate category for the first time this year, went to Allan Nevins who died in 1971, after finishing the last two volumes in his massively readable eight-volume history of the Civil War, *Ordeal of the Union* (Scribners). The N.B.A. poetry panel split between the quick and the dead, dividing honors between the late Frank O'Hara's *Collected Poems* (Knopf) and Howard Moss's *Selected Poems*, but thoughtfully awarded the customary \$1,000 purse to the latter.

The other living winners included: in biography (a category formerly com-

nery O'Connor. But one could—and many did—with justice point out that Walker Percy, John Updike and E.L. Doctorow, to name only the three most notable examples, had each produced a skilled, serious and powerful novel in 1971. This year, though, most of the customary groans and hisses were reserved for the slenderest and the newest categories. One judge, Lore Segal, a writer of juveniles, filed a solid minority objection when the children's book prize went to Fantasia Donald Barthelme for his arch and static *The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine or The Hithering, Thithering Dinn*.

When fellow judges in the new contemporary-affairs category chose *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, the celebrated counterculture collection that includes a short novel as well as lists of tools, materials, lore and advice about how to live on the land, Garry Wills walked out on the proceedings. The

winner, he complained, was a non-book, and the product not of a writer but of a large group of collaborators.

Prize giving is always a dubious business. Yet there were signs that after a generation the National Book Awards have arrived at a respectable and quite useful compromise that tries to encourage both literary commerce and literary excellence. The much older Pulitzer Prize, though it does its work without the furious round of press parties, interviews and parading of spring authors, has been a bad joke, in fiction at least, ever since 1941 when the review committee, headed by Nicholas Murray Butler, refused Hemingway the prize for *For Whom the Bell Tolls* on grounds that the book was "lascivious." The N.B.A., for all its lapses and lunges and rule changes, has consistently left its judges free to do their best.

There is plenty of room for improvement, perhaps in formalizing the choice of judges, or reducing the number of categories. Most American institutions, though, are by definition continuing experiments, a fact noted by Stewart Brand, the soft-spoken young ecological entrepreneur who created *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, after he had accepted his prize. Readily admitting that the *Catalog* was the work of scores of young people who wrote in commenting on the books and articles eventually recommended in it, Brand pointed out that the nonprofit Portola Institute, which published the book, is now a rich nonprofit foundation. What is he going to do with it all? "Learn how to be a foundation without becoming a foundation," Brand replied. So far the N.B.A. has become an institution without becoming an institution. And probably that's as it should be.

Odyssey of Divisiveness

WHITE KNIGHT: THE RISE OF SPIRO AGNEW

by JULES WITCOVER

465 pages. Random House. \$10.

The hands of the Spiro Agnew watches move on, a dated joke. The man—no joke—moves on too. In 3½ years he has advanced from "Spiro who?" to the most famous Vice President in U.S. history—but he is still an enigma.

Exactly who is Spiro Theodore Agnew and why is he saying all those terrible things about radio-fibs? Jules Witcover, Washington correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, addresses himself to these questions like a good newspaperman: patiently, in detail. His trusting assumption is that if a biographer provides a reader with a politician's record, he is finally giving him the man.

Witcover's interesting failure—the reader gets just about everything but the man—suggests this basic rule for future biographers: Agnew must be understood less as a politician than an improbable culture hero.

His early days read like a bad

Theodore Dreiser novel in their unequal mating of ambition to mediocrity. In high school he rated run of the mill as a student. The caption under his yearbook picture read: "An ounce of wit is worth a pound of sorrow." Witcover reports: "Classmates still scratch their heads over what that might mean."

A dropout from Johns Hopkins, Agnew studied law while working at Maryland Casualty Co. in the sprinkler-leakage department. After Army service in the war, he hung out his lawyer's shingle—and starved. Driven to the help wanted ads, he became assistant personnel manager at Schreiber's, a Baltimore supermarket chain. Then the Army recalled Agnew and nearly sent him to Korea, although he was a married man in his 30s with three children.

Agnew kept faith with the American dream. A civilian again, he began to find himself as an underdog representing other underdogs. Negotiating contracts for AFL-CIO butchers as well as for black fishermen in Chesapeake Bay, he became a labor lawyer to warm the bleeding heart of any liberal.

Instant Rapport. He gained his first elective office, at the age of 44, when he became executive officer of Baltimore County, and suddenly his career took off. It was George Wallace, as much as anybody, who made Agnew Governor in 1966. Witcover judges. Fighting for power in Maryland, Wallace helped Agnew appear attractively liberal as a crusader for urban renewal and against discriminatory housing.

Thereafter, writes Witcover, it was Nelson Rockefeller who helped turn Agnew, the "White Knight" of civil rights, into Agnew the conservative. In 1968 Agnew backed Rockefeller early and aggressively for the Republican presidential nomination. When Rockefeller publicly withdrew without privately notifying Agnew, he humiliated a proud man. Witcover reasons, and drove him into the arms of Richard Nixon. Agnew's only previous contact had been a long unanswered letter. "That damn Nixon!" he exploded to a friend. "He won't even answer your letters." But when the two sometime losses finally met, there was instant rapport.

Thus occurred, Witcover says, "the great Agnew transformation." He goes on to give a play by play of the Vice President's Pier 6 career, first as a clown and then as an increasingly feared gut fighter who made "an odyssey of divisiveness and personal vilification."

The detail is brilliantly marshaled, but the Dreiser hero implausibly making good—the stand-in for Middle America—is hardly present. Where is the incredible personification of passion and blandness, the slicked-down, good-posture public figure who is as careful with a trouser crease as he is careless with an innuendo? Where is the collector of Lawrence Welk records, the doter on Allen Drury novels?

Witcover thinks it would be nice if Agnew, and all Vice Presidents, did

more and talked less. But talking is precisely what Agnew does. Rather than a party politician, he is a populist—a spokesman personally tuned to the frustrations, resentments and credibility gaps of Middle Americans. In their name, he flogs effete intellectuals, media stars, long-haired demonstrators. In their name, he recites the nostalgic litany of patriotism and honest labor.

Beyond ideology he speaks for a life-style. In believing the myth of Middle America, Agnew has become a myth himself, and what he really needs is not a journalist but a novelist—a 1972 Dreiser—to do him justice. ■ Melvin Maddocks

"Detestabil Enormities"

THE STEEL BONNETS

by GEORGE McDONALD FRASER
395 pages. Knopf, \$8.95.

The land itself, in the words of an old chronicler, was "lean, hungry and waste." Instead of houses and barns, sinister cut-stone towers studded bleak slopes, along with no less sinister place



GEORGE McDONALD FRASER
Among the reivers.

names—Foul Play Know, Dour Hill, Blackhags, Foulmire Heights. Here on the border between England and Scotland, year after terrible year, the great "riding families"—Armstrongs, Scotts, Maxwellls, Grahams, Johnstones, Elliots, Fenwicks and others—spent most of their time committing "innumerable slaughters, fyre raisings, herschippis and detestabil enormities."

In fact, thanks to the enterprise of the reivers, as such hereditary brigands were known, between the battle of Flodden in 1513 and the English crackdown on Scotland after the Union of the Crowns in 1603, the border was probably the most troubled region on the face of the much troubled earth.

Fraser, an Englishman schooled in Scotland, makes a bold attempt to bring some order into the historical melee. He has no difficulty showing that patriotism

had little to do with it all. Scots preyed upon English and were preyed upon, but at the same time they feuded among themselves. The border served mainly to complicate the job of law officers and make escape easier.

In the worst districts, armed robbery eventually took the place of all peace-time occupations. The classic reiver anecdote has Auld Wat Scott of Harden being served a pair of spurs in a covered dish by his wife—a hint that the larder was bare and that he had better go rustle a few cows. (Auld Wat is also credited with a memorable remark to a haystack, which he noticed while returning from a raid: "Aye, if ye had four legs ye woulna stand there lang.")

Fraser is so far best known as the spoofing inventor of Henry Paget Flashman (*Flashman*, 1969, and *Royal Flash*, 1970), the comical brawler. He thus comes to the reivers with an acute understanding of unsporting behavior. It stands him in excellent stead. After Henry VIII defeated the Scots at Solway Moss in 1542, for example, the fleeing survivors were held for ransom by their own border countrymen.

There are frequent gleams of rough heroism in the murk of violence. Though Fraser's outlaws are notably grubbier, they are still recognizably the same men immortalized in border ballads like *Johnnie Armstrong*, *Kinmont Willie* and *The Douglas Tragedy*. If the clangor of their combat has been long silenced, it nevertheless has some unexpected contemporary resonances. Living at the heart of Liddesdale, the most intractable part of the whole border, and numbered among the toughest of all the reivers was a family named Nixon. ■ Charles Elliott

The Darker Side

ASSASSINATION IN VIENNA

by WALTER B. MAASS
180 pages. Scribners, \$7.95.

ANSCHLUSS

by DIETER WAGNER
and GERHARD TOMKOWITZ
255 pages. St. Martin's Press, \$7.95.

For most Americans, the name Austria conjures up pleasant visions of ski weeks at Innsbruck, Vienna *Sacher-torte*, Salzburg's music. Few people now recall two important events in that country that led up to World War II and betrayed a darker side of the Austrian character. One was the assassination of Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss by local Nazis in 1934, part of a coup that failed. The other, which so dramatically succeeded, was the *Anschluss* of 1938, when the German army annexed Austria unopposed.

Vienna-born Historian Walter Maass is especially intriguing on the Dollfuss assassination, partly because he lived through it all as a young adult. Maass finds it hard to capture the personality of his diminutive (4 ft. 11 in.)



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CHANCELLOR ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS
A nation of informers.

"Milli-Metternich." But he shows effectively how Dollfuss forced his "Christian corporate state" too suddenly into a totalitarian mold, basing his power on a single official party while socialists plotted on the left and Austrian Nazis on the right. Maass also demonstrates the appalling lack of official reaction when the government learned of the plot to overthrow it in July 1934. Austria had become such a "nation of informers," he says, that true warnings could hardly be distinguished from false.

The Nazi rebels were no geniuses. One coup leader, separated from his troops, wandered around in the July heat of Vienna "disguised" in an overcoat. But the government stumbling allowed the rebels access to the Ballhausplatz (the residence of Austria's Chancellor), where one of them, Otto Planetta, shot Dollfuss. Maass concedes Planetta may only have been "trigger-happy," but the conspirators completed the crime by refusing Dollfuss both a doctor and a priest. Because the Chancellor had sent his Cabinet away, the coup did not destroy the government. The plotters were executed. Germany was still too weak to intervene.

By 1938 conditions were decidedly different, as German Journalists Wagner and Tomkowitz show in their crisp, well-researched narrative of the seven-day *Anschluss*. The Germans had a growing war machine and Austrian Nazis in key places of power in the country. Increasingly menaced by Hitler, Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg, who had succeeded Dollfuss, announced on March 9 that a plebiscite, four days later, would decide whether Austria would keep its independence. A day before the vote could take place German troops were all over Austria. On the 14th, Hitler arrived in Vienna, the city's church bells pealing for him. The next day Hitler was already able to fly back to Germany, looking down on Austrian hills from his plane window. "All that," he said with satisfaction, "is Germany now." But the *Anschluss*

BOOKS

lived only as long as the Reich. The post-war generation, Maass notes, possessed the "self-confidence to go it alone"—and despite Austria's perilous position between East and West, has done just that. ■ Mayo Mohs

Exotic Voyager

RUN-THROUGH

by JOHN HOUSEMAN

507 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$9.95.

By the age of four, John Houseman (then Jacques Haussmann) had spent two birthdays on the Simplon-Orient Express. It is an image with which to connect the 70 years that have gone into this urbane, fascinating and graceful memoir. Houseman was and is a restless, slightly exotic voyager through life and drama.

Born of a Jewish Alsatian father and a British mother of Welsh-Irish descent, he spoke four languages at five. At 25 he was a transplanted American versed in the babel of the Chicago commodity exchange, a merchant prince in wheat. Black Thursday reduced him to a bankrupt husk.

In the early '30s he drifted into the theater, a diffident moth seeking the flame of dramatic imagination. He found it in the 19-year-old Orson Welles, a pillar of fire to make the physicists in the sands of Alamogordo blanch. Together they founded the Mercury Theatre, which in 1938 staged four brilliant hits in a single season. The Welles-Houseman partnership ended badly, with Welles hurling blazing Sterno heaters at Producer Houseman and howling anathemas at him in that voice of Zeus.

Welles is the star, but the walk-on players—from Saroyan to Stravinsky, Hepburn to Hemingway, Cocteau to Kazan—are not bad. Houseman invites the reader to an opening-night party of the cultivated mind, and he is the perfect host. ■ T.E. Kalem

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

- 1—The Winds of War, Wouk (1st week)
- 2—The Blue Knight, Wambaugh (6)
- 3—The Assassins, Kazan (3)
- 4—The Word, Wallace (10)
- 5—Wheels, Haley (2)
- 6—The Exorcist, Blatty (4)
- 7—The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (5)
- 8—The Betsy, Robbins (7)
- 9—Message from Malaga, MacInnes
- 10—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Higgins (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Game of the Foxes, Farago (1)
- 2—Tracy and Hepburn, Kann (2)
- 3—The Moon's a Ballroom, Niven (5)
- 4—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Portola Institute (8)
- 5—The Defense Never Rests, Bailey with Aranson (6)
- 6—The Boys of Summer, Kahn
- 7—Souls on Fire, Wiesel (7)
- 8—Intimate Behaviour, Morris
- 9—Report from Engine Co. 82, Smith
- 10—Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (3)



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Private Eye Pastiche

GUMSHOE

Directed by STEPHEN FREARS
Screenplay by NEVILLE SMITH

On the morning of his 31st birthday, Eddie Ginley visits his psychiatrist. "What do you want to do?" the doctor inquires. Eddie's answer is immediate: "I want to write *The Maltese Falcon*. I want to record *Blue Suede Shoes*. And I want to play Las Vegas."

Eddie (Albert Finney) hums a lot of '50s rock 'n' roll, and the closest he has got to Vegas is a workingman's club in Liverpool, where he works as a bingo caller and occasional stand-up comic, telling what might be called shaggy canary stories to the appreciative customers. As for *The Maltese Falcon*, Eddie isn't so much interested in writing it as living it.

He wears a splendidly shabby trench coat, dangles Lucky Strikes on the corner of a lip that he tries to keep permanently curled. He plays at talking tough ("A gun, a grand and a girl—that's the kind of world I move in") and cracking wise. Neville Smith adept-

cate and confounding as *The Big Sleep*.

As homage and as pastiche, *Gumshoe* works excellently. Frears and Smith are obviously careful and affectionate connoisseurs of the genre. Indeed Frears, making his first film, seems much the most interesting directorial talent from Britain since John Boorman. Yet Eddie Ginley finally gets away from both men because they are as enamored of his dream as he is. His illusions ought to have been shattered at the end of the film. Instead, as Eddie rounds up his grubby lot of crooks, they are nurtured and reinforced.

The actors manage to play successfully both for parody and poignancy. Especially dexterous are Janice Rule as the requisite dragon lady and Frank Finlay and Billie Whitelaw as Eddie's brother and sister-in-law. Albert Finney shows again that he is an actor of infinite resource, charm and cunning. But the part does not really test him, does not force him to extend himself and take chances. For most actors it is quite enough to be good. From Finney one has a right to expect more. ■ Joy Cocks

Minor Surgery

THE CAREY TREATMENT

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS
Screenplay by JAMES P. BONNER

Peter Carey M.D. pulls down \$45,000 per year and the hospital dietitian. The money pays for a seemingly inexhaustible wardrobe of sports clothes. The dietitian relieves the tedium of the countless hours Carey spends searching Boston and environs for a murderous abortionist. A friend of Carey's has been falsely accused of performing the abortion, an injustice as certain to raise the good doctor's wrath as burning a hole in one of his mohair pullovers.

James Coburn, who usually projects



ALBERT FINNEY IN "GUMSHOE"
"A gun, a grand and a girl."

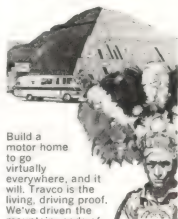
ly furnishes Eddie with a line of second-rate patter that tries to be breezy and ends by being hollow and rather sad, much like Eddie's own nostalgic dreams of glory.

After placing a classified ad in which he makes himself out to be a second generation Sam Spade, Eddie—somewhat to his astonishment—gets a call for a job. He shows up at a local hotel, where he picks up a package from a fat man who resembles *Falcon*'s Kasper Gutman (the Sidney Greenstreet character). Inside the package are a sizable bundle of money and a pistol. Eddie is plunged into a plot as intri-



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all the charm and style of a mothball, plays Carey with just the right kind of good-humored aplomb. He even manages to keep his cool when the delicious dietitian (Jennifer O'Neill) confesses that her estranged husband used to think "the things I like to do in bed are immoral." Coburn sifts this information for just a second, then replies enthusiastically. "They are, they are."

Director Blake Edwards is uneasy, sometimes even clumsy with outright comedy (*A Shot in the Dark*, *The Party*). But he has a sure hand and dapper style for this sort of frivolous melodrama, essentially a Saturday night diversion. The violence here is subdued, the suspense unhurried and unfrilled.

As memories of his old TV show *Peter Gunn* will affirm, Edwards also has a knack for vivid casting in secondary roles. *The Carey Treatment* has nice character bits by Pat Hingle as a Boston police captain and Skye Aubrey as a spaced-out nurse. Miss Aubrey is throaty, sexy and the boss's daughter (her father is MGM President Jim Aubrey). Moreover, Jennifer Edwards, who adroitly plays a school chum of the abortion victim, is the director's daughter. Seldom has traditional Hollywood nepotism paid off so handsomely for the audience. **J.C.**

Mississippi Madonna

TOMORROW

Directed by JONATHAN THOMAS

Screenplay by HORTON FOOTE

Something small and serious was the aim here. Size is no measure of quality, though, and glumness no substitute for depth. *Tomorrow* is an antique—a remnant, like last year's *Going Home*, of television's "golden years," a time that memory has much improved. Horton Foote's screenplay is based not only on a William Faulkner short story called *Tomorrow*, but also on Foote's 1960 *Playhouse 90* adaptation of it. This may explain why the film looks a little like a kinescope.

Tomorrow is photographed in black and white, a technique that still has enormous range and possibilities, as Robert Surtess' work in *The Last Picture Show* demonstrated. Here, however, Allan Green's camera lacks all tone but a flat, relentless gray. Robert Duvall, a character actor of exceptional versatility (TIME, Apr. 3), plays a Mississippi farmer who falls in love with a pregnant woman whom he has found in the woods. Duvall gives an initial impression of such granite stoicism that it slightly unbalances an otherwise carefully modulated and intensely sympathetic performance. The script allows him to open up only toward the end of the film, when it is almost too late. Olga Bellin portrays the back-country madonna in a shrill regional accent that is undiluted Broadway Southern.

Faulkner's story was not one of his best, but it was far from as mawkish as



DUVALL & MASK IN "TOMORROW"
Granite stoicism.

what Foote (who was also responsible for the screenplay of *To Kill a Mockingbird*) has homespun out of it. The farmer undergoes every conceivable trial and hardship. When the woman dies soon after giving birth, the farmer devotedly raises the child (Johnny Mask) as his own, only to see the law return him eventually to his natural father. But like Dilsey in *The Sound and the Fury*, the farmer endures. Foote's script and Anthony's leaden direction transform this small saga of indomitability into a mere valentine to pluckiness. **J.C.**

Heartburn

ONE IS A LONELY NUMBER

Directed by MEL STUART

Screenplay by DAVID SELTZER

One day Amy threw her husband's copy of Milton out the window and he walked out on her. That was the way the marriage ended. The movie should have too.

But alas, the scene is the opening of *One Is a Lonely Number*. Amy (Trish Van Devere) spends the rest of the running time slogging around San Francisco in search of a little self-respect and what one adviser calls "the three gets: get a job, get a lawyer, get laid." She eventually succeeds on all counts, after no small amount of heartache along the way. Her only comfort is a kindly old grocer (Melvyn Douglas) who regales her with rather spooky memories of his own departed wife, "married 39 years and never separated."

Director Mel Stuart has made a handful of other movies (*It's a Wonderful Life*, *This Must Be the Place*, *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*) whose most salient characteristics are long titles and low quality. Miss Van Devere, pert and funny in *Where's Poppa?*, seems to cringe with embarrassment at the start of each new scene, a technique calculated to gain our sympathy if not our interest. **J.C.**

Batter Up!

*There were saddened hearts in
baseball for a week or even
more;*

*There were muttered oaths and
curses—every fan was clearly
sore.*

*"Just think," said one, "how much
we missed with no one up to bat.
And ballparks closed throughout
the land by an owner-player
spat."*

*But the lane is long, someone has
said, that never turns again.
And Fate, though fickle, often gives
another chance to men.*

*The players who'd been made to feel
the pain of heroes shunned
At last convinced the owners to
enhance their pension fund.*

*Oh! somewhere in this favored
world dark clouds may hide the
sun,*

*And somewhere bands no longer
play and children have no fun;
And somewhere over blighted loves
there hangs a heavy pall;*

*But baseball hearts are happy now
—they've heard the cry, "Play
ball!"*

—Variations on a theme by
James Wilson

The settlement last week of the major league baseball players' strike was not exactly as sweet as James Wilson's "Casey's Revenge," the 1906 sequel to "Casey at the Bat." The 13-day strike cost the owners at least \$5,000,000, mostly in lost ticket sales and broadcasting fees; the players dropped about \$1,000,000 in salaries. Neither sum is retrievable because none of the 86 missed games will be made up. But that still left 3,802 regular season games before the World Series starts.

A Taste of Honey

One of the spectators jokingly advised that they cancel the fourth round and declare the Golden Bear winner by a T.K.O. An Atlanta newsman suggested that the Augusta National Golf Club could save money by not awarding the traditional green blazer to the victor, and instead adding hash marks to the Bear's sleeves. Lee Trevino, still yappy despite a mediocre performance of his own, could hardly contain his admiration: "He's gone. He's a freak. That's what I told him. He might even beat two people. Beat their best ball. Nobody'll beat him. He could beat the Man Up There on a wide-open course."

Such was the talk inspired by Jack Nicklaus as he won the Masters golf tournament for the fourth time, a feat previously accomplished only by Ar-

nold Palmer. Nicklaus' success in the Masters (which boosted his earnings to \$134,473 so far this year, and to \$1,517,637.19 for his ten-year pro career) was notable not merely for where it left him—firmly established as the world's top golfer—but for where it might lead him. For this year the 32-year-old Golden Bear is unabashedly in quest of golf's sweetest pot of honey: a Grand Slam of victories in the four major championships.

Grand Slam. No golfer has ever won the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open and the P.G.A. in the same year, although some, including Nicklaus, have taken all four of the tournaments at one time or another. Nicklaus has won the other three big titles twice each: before turning pro, he also took the U.S. Amateur championship twice. That leaves him just one short of the late



NICKLAUS PUTTING AT AUGUSTA
One down, three to go.

Bobby Jones in total major titles (13). Although any golfer's chances of achieving the Grand Slam are slim at best, this could be the year that Nicklaus does it.

For one thing, the other big tournaments this year are on three of his favorite courses—California's Pebble Beach for the U.S. Open in June; Scotland's Muirfield for the British Open in July; and Michigan's Oakland Hills for the P.G.A. in August. Furthermore, as Nicklaus demonstrated once again at the Masters, even when he is not at his best he still stands a few feet taller than the competition.

Playing amid cold, blustery breezes that shook the dogwood and azaleas, Nicklaus shot closing rounds of 73 and



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74 over Augusta's long, hilly par-72 course. But he still managed to win by three strokes with a total score of 286. "Nobody made a run at me," said Nicklaus, seemingly disappointed.

Palmer came in at 300. So did Trevino, who was ending a two-year boycott of the Masters. Apart from Nicklaus' brazen attempts to reach the green in two on the 520-yd., water-guarded 15th hole, most of the excitement was in Augusta's parking lot, where Trevino used his red Dodge Charger as a locker room and interview post. Apparently miffed over the near eviction of his driver-valet for not wearing the proper badge during a practice round, Trevino gave the clubhouse wider berth than a curl-lipped bunker. Nicklaus, of course, could not. He had to collect the winner's check of \$25,000 and another green jacket.

Track Record

But look at Epitaph, he wins
it by a half!
According to this here, in
the *Telegraph*...

So sang Rusty Charlie to Benny Southstreet and Nicely-Nicely Johnson in *Guys and Dolls*. The three veteran horseplayers were searching for that eternally elusive winner in the bible of Belmont and Broadway, *The Morning Telegraph*. No other publication in the world was so well-informed on such a will-o'-the-wisp subject—the ponies. The *Telegraph* was the *Wall Street Journal* of the racing world, and its 30-odd pages crinkled on every railing from Santa Anita to Hialeah.

The Morning Telegraph was so valuable a guide, in fact, that every day 50,000 readers plunked down a dollar for its thoroughbred information. No more. Last week after a nasty labor dispute and a one-week strike, the *Telegraph* appeared on the nation's newsstands for the last time.

Like so many New York City journalistic shutdowns, the *Telegraph's* demise involved Bertram Powers and his powerful Local 6 of the Typographical Union. Powers had called the strike, he said, because the parent organization, Triangle Publications, had refused to submit to arbitration the layoff last winter of 20 of the paper's 120 printers. Stewart Hooker, publisher of the *Telegraph* and its sister sheet, the *Daily Racing Form*, argued that the printers still had a year to go on their contract, and anyway the 20 who had been laid off were back on the job before the strike was called. Powers struck anyway.

Setting the Pace. For Hooker, the strike furnished a good excuse to close the old-fashioned *Telegraph* and shift much of his editorial force to the more efficient *Racing Form*, a computerized operation. The *Form* will retain much of the *Telegraph's* flavor. "Chart Callers," for example, will still encapsulate the drama of a race with the same terse

economy they exercised in each issue of the *Telegraph*: "SOLAR NAIL saved ground from the start, got through rallying in the stretch and outgamed ODDS HAVE IT to the wire." Or "BOBS B BEES quickest to begin, moved to the inner rail when clear, increased the margin along the backstretch, began to shorten stride in the final sixteenth and was all out to last over STOOL PIGEON."

Founded in 1833, the *Telegraph's* roster of writers over the years included H.L. Mencken, Ring Lardner, Louella Parsons, Ben Hecht, George Jean Nathan and Heywood Brown, who was fired. When it carried Walter Winchell's "Beau Broadway" column in the 1920s, the *Telegraph* was studied as closely as *Variety* at Broadway restaurants such as Sardi's and Lindy's. Even



HANDICAPPING IN "GUYS AND DOLLS"
Bible of Belmont and Broadway.

in recent years the paper kept five staffers on the show-biz beat. One of the most popular writers in the 1950s was Columnist Tom O'Reilly, who used to write a Monday piece. As Saul Rosen, 66, the paper's saw-voiced editor since 1965, wistfully recalls, "I used to watch O'Reilly through my window as he would settle at his desk, type out a line with two fingers, then go into convulsions of laughter. I've never seen a guy break up over his own humor like O'Reilly."

Rosen himself is a paradigm of a curious *Telegraph* phenomenon: like bartenders who do not drink, most of its callers and handicappers seldom, if ever, played the ponies. They wrote for the track record because they really loved the feel of races: the jockeying for position at the rail, the thrill of a photo finish and the sweet, sweet smell of big money. Tom O'Reilly once wrote it nicely: "It is fun to doll up and play the sport of kings for a day—as much fun as going to a wedding when the bride's old man is rich."

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